


THE LATE,
And much admired Play,
Called
Pericles, Prince
of Tyre.

With the true Relation of the whole Historie,
adventures, and fortunes of the said Prince :

As also,
The no lesse strange, and worthy accidents,
in the Birth and Life, of his Daughter
MARIANA.

As it hath been diuers and sundry times acted by
his Maiesties Seruants, at the Globe on
the Banck-side.

By William  Shakespeare.

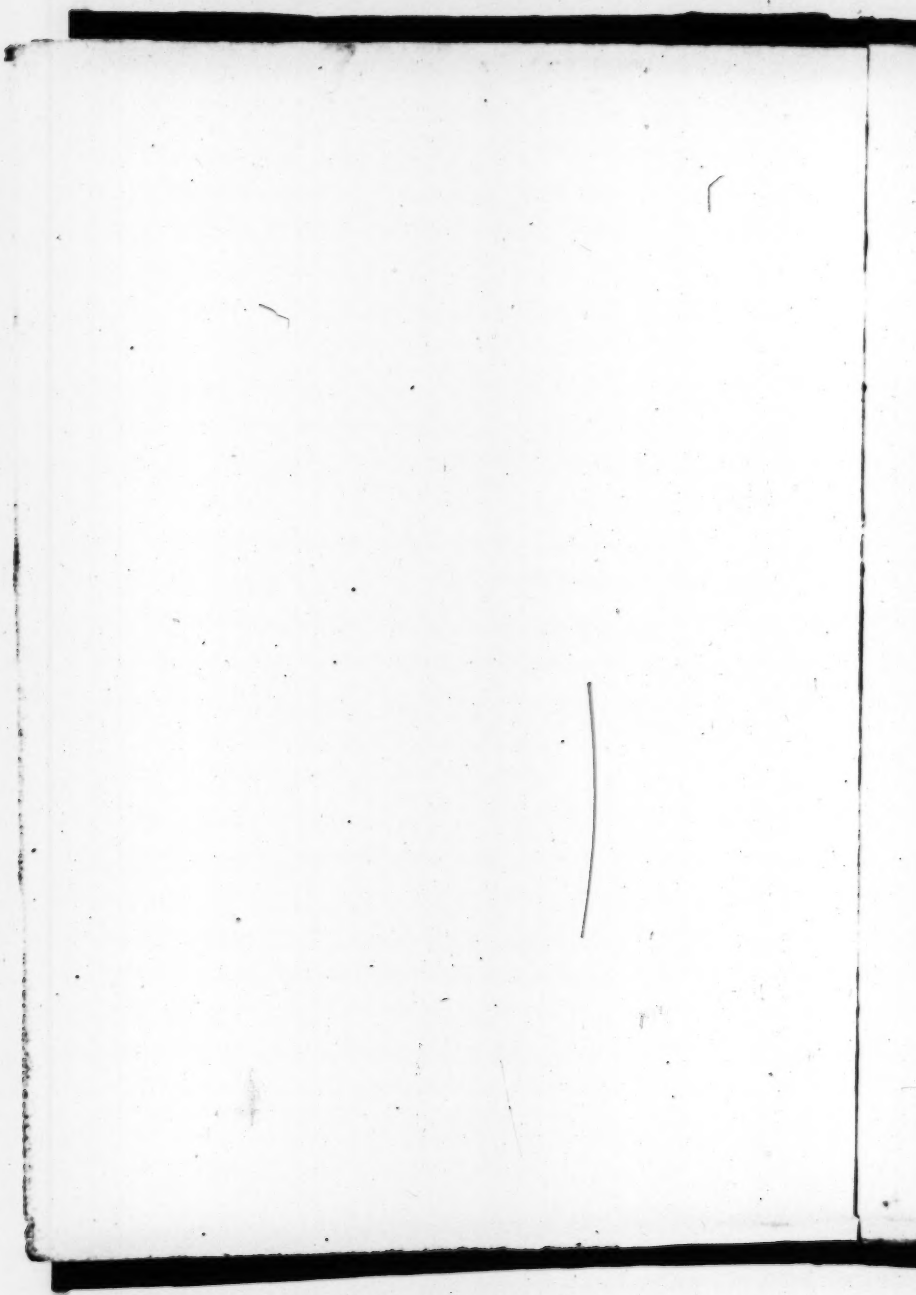


Imprinted at London for *Henry Giffon*, and are
to be sold at the signe of the Sunne in
Pater-noster row, &c.

1609.

cas. 1. 2. 3. 4.

Phot of HEH 39000





The Play of Pericles

Prince of Tyre. &c.

Enter Gower.



O sing a Song that old was sung,
From ashes, auncient *Gower* is come,
Assuming mans infirmities,
To glad your eare, and please your eyes:
It hath been sung at Feastivals,
On Ember eues, and Holy dayes:

And Lords and Ladyes in their lues,
Haue red it for restoratiues:
The purchase is to make men glorious,
Et bonum quo Antiquius eo melius:
If you, borne in those latter times,
When Witts more ripe, accept my rimes,
And that to heare an old man sing,
May to your Wisshes pleasure bring:
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you, like Taper light.
This *Antioch*, then *Antiochus* the great,
Buylt vp this Citie, for his chiefeest Seat,
The fayrest in all *Syria*.

I tell you what mine Authors saye:
This King wnto him tooke a Peere,
Who dyed, and left a female heyre,
So bucksome, blith, and full of face,
As heauen had lent her all his grace:
With whom the Father liking tooke,
And her to Incest did prouoke:
Bad child, worse father, to intice his owne

A 2.

To

The Play of

To euill, should be done by none :
But custome what they did begin,
Was with long vse, account'd no sinne ;
The beautie of this sinfull Dame,
Made many Princes thither frame,
To seeke her as a bedfellow,
In maryage pleasures, playfellow :
Which to prevent, he made a Law,
To keepe her still, and men in awe :
That who so askt her for his wife,
His Riddle tould, not lost his life :
So for her many of wight did die,
As yon grimme lookes do testifie.
What now ensues, to the iudgement of your eye,
I giue my cause, who best can iustifie. *Exit.*

Enter Antiochus, Prince Perichus, and followers.

Ants. Young Prince of Tyre, you haue at large receiued
The danger of the taske you vndertake.

Pers. I haue (*Antiochus*) and with a soule emboldned
With the glory of her prayse, thinke death no hazard,
In this enterprise.

Ant. Musicke bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,
For embracements euen of *Ioue* himselfe ;
At whose conception, till *Lucina* rained,
Nature this dowry gaue ; to glad her presence,
The Seanate house of Planets all did sit,
To knit in her, their best perfections.

Enter Antiochus daughter.

Pers. See where she comes, appareled like the Spring,
Graces her subiects, and her thoughts the King,
Of euery Vertue giues renowne to men :
Her face the booke of prayses, where is read,
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence,
Sorrow were euer raste, and teastie wrath
Could neuer be her milde companion.

You

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

You Gods that made me man, and sway in loue;
That haue enflamde desire in my breast,
To taste the fruite of yon celestiall tree,
(Or die in th'aduenture) be my helpes,
As I am sonne and seruant to your will,
To compasse such a bondlesse happinesse.

Anti. Prince Pericles:

Peri. That would be sonne to great *Antiochus*.

Ant. Before thee standes this faire *Hesperides*,
With golden fruite, but dangerous to be toucht:
For Death like Dragons heere affright thee hard:
Herface like Heauen, inticeth thee to view
Her countlesse glory; which desert must gaine:
And which without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all the whole heape must die:
You sometimes famous Princes, like thy selfe,
Drawne by report, aduentrous by desire,
Tell thee with speachlesse tongues, and semblance pale,
That without couering, saue yon field of Starres,
Heere they stand Martyrs slaine in *Cupids* Warres:
And with dead cheekes, aduise thee to desist,
For going on deaths net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thanke thee, who hath taught,
My frayle mortalitie to know it selfe,
And by those fearefull obiectes, to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must:
For Death remembered should be like a myrrour,
Who tels vs, life's but breath, to trust it errour:
He make my Will then, and as sick men doe,
Who know the World, see Heauen, but feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly ioyes as earst they did;
So I bequeath a happy peace to you,
And all good men, as euery Prince should doe,
My ritches to the earth, from whence they came;
But my vnspotted fire of Loue, to you:
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wayte the sharpest blow (*Antiochus*)

The Play of

Scorning aduice; read the conclusion then:
Which read and not expounded, tis decreed,
As these before thee, thou thy selfe shalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all sayd yet, mayst thou prooue prosperous,
Of all sayd yet, I wish thee happinesse.

Peri. Like a bold Champion I assume the Listes,
Nor aske aduise of any other thought,
But faythfulnesse and courage.

The Riddle.

*I am no Viper, yet I feed
On mothers flesh which did me breed:
I sought a Husband, in which labour,
I found that kindnesse in a Father;
Hee's Father, Sonne, and Husband mild;
I, Mother, Wife; and yet his Child:
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will haue resolue it you.*

Sharpe Phisicke is the last: But ô you powers!
That giues heauen countlesse eyes to view mens actes,
Why cloude they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Faire Glasse of light, I lou'd you, and could still,
Were not this glorious Casket stor'd with ill:
But I must tell you, now my thoughts reuolt,
For hee's no man on whom perfections waite,
That knowing sinne within, will touch the gate.
You are a faire Violl, and your sense, the stringes;
Who finger'd to make man his lawfull musicke,
Would draw Heauen downe, and all the Gods to haeken:
But being playd vpon before your time,
Hell onely daunceth at so harsh a chime:
Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince *Pericla*, touch not, vpon thy life,
For that's an Article within our Law,
As dangerous as the rest: your time's expir'd,
Either expound now, or receiue your sentence.

Peri.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Peri. Great King,

Few loue to heare the finnes they loue to aft;
T'would brayde your selfe too neare for me to tell it:
Who has a booke of all that Monarches doe,
Hee's more secure to keepe it shut, then showne.
For Vice repeated, is like the wandring Wind,
Blowes dust in others eyes to spread it selfe;
And yet the end of all is bought thus deare,
The breath is gone, and the fore eyes see cleare:
To stop the Ayre would hurt them, the blind Mole castes
Copt hilles towards heauen, to tell the earth is throng'd
By mans oppression, and the poore Worme doth die for't:
Kinges are earths Gods; in vice, their law's their will:
And if *some* stray, who dares say, *some* doth all:
It is enough you know, and it is fit;
What being more knowne, growes worfe, to smother it.
All loue the Wombe that their first beeing bred,
Then giue my tongue like leaue, to loue my head. (ning:

Ant. Heauen, that I had thy head; he ha's found the mea-
But I will gloze with him. Young Prince of *Tyre*,
Though by the tenour of your strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to counsell of your dayes;
Yet hope, succeeding from so faire a tree
As your faire selfe, doth tune vs otherwise;
Fourtie dayes longer we doe respite you,
If by which time, our secret be vndone,
This mercy shewes, wee'le ioy in such a Sonne:
And vntill then, your entertaine shall bee
As doth besit our honour and your worth.

Mamet Pericles solus.

Peri. How courtesie would seeme to couer sinne,
When what is done, is like an hipocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight.
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certaine you were not so bad,
As with foule Incest to abuse your soule:

Where

The Play of

Where now you both a Father and a Sonne,
By your vntimely claspings with your Child;
(Which pleasures fittes a husband, not a father)
And shee an eater of her Mothers flesh,
By the defiling of her Parents bed,
And both like Serpents are; who though they feed
On sweetest Flowers, yet they Poyson breed.

Antioch farewell, for Wisedome sees those men,
Blush not in actions blacker then the night,
Will shew no course to keepe them from the light:
One sinne (I know) another doth prouoke;
Murther's as neere to Lust, as Flame to Smoake:
Poyson and Treason are the hands of Sinne,
I, and the targets to put off the shame,
Then least my life be cropt, to keepe you cleare,
By flight, Ile shun the danger which I feare.

Exit.

Enter Antiochus.

Anti. He hath found the meaning,
For which we meane to haue his head:
He must not liue to trumpet forth my infanie,
Nor tell the world *Antiochus* doth sinne
In such a loathed manner:
And therefore instantly this Prince must die,
For by his fall, my honour must keepe hic.
Who attends vs there?

Enter Thaliard.

Thali. Doth your highnes call?

Antio. *Thaliard*, you are of our Chamber, *Thaliard*,
And our minde pertakes her priuat actions,
To your secrecie; and for your saythfulnes,
We will aduance you, *Thaliard*:
Behold, heere's Poyson, and heere's Gold:
Wee hate the Prince of *Tyre*, and thou must kill him.
It fittes thee not to aske the reason why?
Because we bid it: say, is it done?

Thali. My Lord, tis done.

Exit

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Enter a Messenger.

Anti. Enough. Let your breath coole your selfe, telling your haste.

Mess. My Lord, Prince *Pericles* is fled.

Antin. As thou wilt liue flie after, and like an arrow shot from a well experienst Archer hits the marke his eye doth leuell at: so thou neuer returne vnlesse thou say Prince *Pericles* is dead.

Thal. My Lord, if I can get him within my Pistols length, Ile make him sure enough, so farewell to your highnesse.

Thaliard adieu, till *Pericles* be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head.

Enter Pericles with his Lords.

Pe. Let none disturb vs, why shold this chage of thoughts
The sad companion dull eyde melancholie,
By me so vsde a guest, as not an houre
In the dayes glorious walke or peacefull night,
The tombe where grieffe should sleepe can breed me quiet,
Here pleasures court mine eies, and mine eies shun them,
And daunger which I fearde is at *Antioch*,
Whose arme seemes farre too short to hit me here,
Yet neither pleasures Art can ioy my spirits,
Nor yet the others distance comfort me,
Then it is thus, the passions of the mind,
That haue their first conception by misdread,
Haue after nourishment and life, by care
And what was first but feare, what might be done,
Growes elder now, and cares it be not done.
And so with me the great *Antiochus*,
Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since hee's so great, can make his will his act,
Will thinke me speaking, though I sweare to silence,
Nor bootes it me to say, I honour,
If he suspect I may dishonour him.

B

And

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

And what may make him blush in being knowne,
Heele stop the course by which it might be knowne,
With hostile forces heele ore-spread the land,
And with the stint of warre will looke so huge,
Amazement shall driue courage from the state,
Our men be vanquish't ere they doe resist,
And subiects punish't that nere thought offence,
Which care of them, not pittie of my selfe,
Who once no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the rootes they grow by and defend them,
Makes both my bodie pine, and soule to languish,
And punish that before that he would punish.

Enter all the Lords to Pericles.

1. *Lord.* Ioy and all comfort in your sacred brest.

2. *Lord.* And keepe your mind till you returne to vs
peacefull and comfortable.

Hel. Peace, peace, and giue experience tongue,
They doe abuse the King that flatter him,
For flatterie is the bellows blowes vp sinne,
The thing the which is flattered, but a sparke,
To which that sparke giues heate, and stronger
Glowing, whereas reproofe obedient and in order,
Fits kings as they are men, for they may erre,
When *signior* sooth here does proclaime peace,
He flatters you, makes warre vpon your life.
Prince paadon me, or strike me if you please,
I cannot be much lower then my knees.

Per. All leaue vs else: but let your cares ore-lookke,
What shipping, and what ladings in our haven,
And then returne to vs, *Hellicans* thou hast
Mooude vs, what seest thou in our lookes?

Hel. An angric brow, dread Lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in Princes frownes,
How durst thy tongue moue anger to our face?

Hel. How dares the plants looke vp to heauen,

From

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

From whence they haue their nourishment?

Per. Thou knowest I haue power to take thy life from

Hel. I haue ground the Axe my selfe, (thee.
Doe but you strike the blowe.

Per. Rise, prethee rise, sit downe, thou art no flatterer,
I thanke thee fort, and heaue forbid
That kings should let their cares heare their faults hid.
Fit Counsellor, and seruant for a Prince,
Who by thy wisdome makes a Prince thy seruant,
What wouldst thou haue me doe?

Hel. To beare with patience such griefes as you your
selfe doe lay vpon your selfe.

Per. Thou speakst like a Physition *Helicanus*,
That ministers a potion vnto me:
That thou wouldst tremble to receiue thy selfe,
Attend me then, I went to *Antioch*,
Whereas thou knowst against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beautie,
From whence an issue I might propagate,
Are armes to Princes, and bring ioies to subiects,
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder,
The rest harke in thine care, as blacke as incest,
Which by my knowledge found, the sinfull father
Seemde not to strike, but smooth, but thou knowst this,
Tis time to feare when tyrants seemes to kilfe.
Which feare so grew in me I hither fled,
Vnder the covering of a carefull night,
Who seemd my good protector, and being here,
Bethought what was past, what might succeed,
I knew him tyrannous, and tyrants feare
Decrease not, but grow faster then the yeares,
And should he doo't, as no doubt he doth,
That I should open to the listning ayre,
How many worthie Princes blouds were shed,
To keepe his bed of blacknesse vnlayde ope,

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

To lop that doubt, hee'll fill this land with armes,
And make pretence of wrong that I haue done him,
When all for mine, if I may call offence,
Must feel wars blow, who spares not innocence,
Which loue to all of which thy selfe art one,
Who now reprov'dst me for.

H. II. Alas sir.

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheekes,
Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest ere it came,
And finding little comfort to relieue them,
I thought it princely charity to giue for them.

Hell. Well my Lord, since you haue giuen mee leaue to
Freely will I speake, *Antiochus* you feare, (speake,
And iustly too, I thinke you feare the tyrant,
Who either by publike warre, or priuie treason,
Will take away your life: therefore my Lord, go trauell for
a while, till that his rage and anger be forgot, or till the De-
stinies doe cut his threed of life: your rike direct to anie,
if to me, day serues not light more faithfull then Ile be.

Per. I doe not doubt thy faith.

But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?

Hell. Weele mingle our bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being, and our birth.

Per. *Tyre* I now looke from thee then, and to *Tharsus*
Intend my trauaile, where Ile heare from thee,
And by whose Letters Ile dispose my selfe.
The care I had and haue of subjects good,
On thee I lay, whose wisdomes strength can beare it,
Ile take thy word, for faith nor aske thine oath,
Who shuns not to breake one, will cracke both.
But in our orbs will liue so round, and safe,
That time of both this truth shall nere conuince,
Thou shewdst a subjects shame, I a true Prince.

Exit.

Enter

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Enter Thaliard alone.

So this is *Tyre*, and this the Court, heere must I kill King *Pericles*, and if I doe it not, I am sure to be hang'd at home : 'tis dangerous.

Well, I perceiue he was a wife fellowe, and had good diseration, that beeing bid to aske what hee would of the King, desired he might knowe none of his secrets.

Now doe I see hee had some reason for't : for if a king bidde a man bee a villaine, hee's bound by the indenture of his oath to bee one.

Hush, heere comes the Lords of *Tyre*.

*Enter Helicanus, Escanes, with
other Lords.*

Helli. You shall not neede my fellow-Peets of *Tyre* further to question mee of your kings departure : his sealed Commission left in trust with mee, does speake sufficiently hee's gone to trauaile.

Thaliard. How? the King gone?

Helli. If further yet you will be satisfied, (why as it were vnlicens'd of your loues) he would depart? He giue some light vnto you, beeing at *Antioch*.

Thal. What from *Antioch*?

Helli. Royall *Antiochus* on what cause I knowe not, tooke some displeasure at him, at least hee iudg'd so : and doubting lest hee had erre'd or sinn'd, to shewe his sorrow, hee'de correct himselfe ; so puts himselfe vnto the Shipmans toyle, with whome each minute threatens life or death.

Thaliard. Well, I perceiue I shall not be hang'd now, although I would, but since hee's gone, the Kings seas must please : I see scap'te the Land to perish at the Sea, I'll present my selfe. Peace to the Lords of *Tyre*.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Lord *Thaliard* from *Antiochus* is welcome.

Thal. From him I come with message vnto princely *Pericles*, but since my landing, I haue vnderstood your Lord has betake himselfe to vnknowne trauailes, now message must returne from whence it came.

Hell. Wee haue no reason to desire it, commended to our maister not to vs, yet ere you shall depart, this wee desire as friends to *Antioch* wee may feast in *Tyre*. *Exit.*

Enter Cleon the Governour of Tharsus, with his wife and others.

Cleon. My *Dioniza* shall wee rest vs heere,
And by relating tales of others griefes,
See if it will teach vs to forget our owne?

Dion. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it,
For who digs hills because they doe aspire?
Throwes downe one mountaine to cast vp a higher:
O my distressed Lord, euen such our griefes are,
Heere they are but felt, and scene with mischiefs eyes,
But like to Groves, being topt, they higher rise.

Cleon. O *Dioniza*,

Who wanteth food, and will not say hee wants it,
Or can conceale his hunger till hee famish?
Our tounes and sorrowes to sound deepe:
Our woes into the aire, our eyes to weepe.
Till tounes fetch breath that may proclaime
Them louder, that if heauen slumber, while
Their creatures want, they may awake
Their helpers, to comfort them.
He then discourse our woes felt seuerall yeares,
And wanting breath to speake, helpe mee with teares.

Dioniza. He doe my best Syr. (ment,

Cleon. This *Tharsus* ore which I haue the gouerne-
A Cittie on whom plentie held full hand:
For riches strew'de her selfe euen in her streetes,

Whose

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Whose towers bore heads so high they kist the clouds;
And strangers nere beheld, but wondred at,
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'de,
Like one anothers glasse to trim them by,
Their tables were stor'de full to glad the sight,
And not so much to feede on as delight,
All pouertie was scor'nde, and pride so great,
The name of helpe grewe odious to repeat.

Dion. O't is too true.

Cle. But see what heauen can doe by this our change,
These mouthes who but of late, earth, sea, and ayre,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although thy gaue their creatures in abundance,
As houses are desil'de for want of vse,
They are now staru'de for want of exercise,
Those pallats who not yet too sauers younger,
Must haue inuentions to delight the tast,
Would now be glad of bread and beg for it,
Those mothers who to nouzell vp their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are readie now
To eat those little darlings whom they lou'de,
So sharpe are hangers teeth, that man and wile,
Drawe lots who first shall die, to lengthen life.
Heere stands a Lord, and there a Ladie weeping:
Heere manie sincke, yet those which see them fall,
Haue scarce strength left to giue them buryall.

Is not this true?

Dion. Our cheekes and hollow eyes doe witnesse it.

Cle. O let those Cities that of plenties cup,
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots heare these teares,
The miserie of *Tharjau* may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Wheres the Lord Gouvernour?

Cle. Here, speake out thy sorrowes, which thee bringst
in

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

in hast, for comfort is too farre for vs to expect.

Lord. Wee haue descryed vpon our neighbouring shore, a portlie saile of ships make hitherward.

Cleon. I thought as much.

One sorrowe neuer comes but brings an hère,
That may succede as his inheritor:
And so in ours, some neighbouring nation,
Taking aduantage of our miserie,
That stult' the hollow vessels with their power,
To beat vs downe, the which are downe alreadye,
And make a conquest of vnhappie mee,
Whereas no glories got to ouercome.

Lord. That's the least feare.

For by the semblance of their white flagges displayde, they bring vs peace, and come to vs as fauourers, not as foes.

Cleon. Thou speak'st like himnes vntuterd to repeat,
Who makes the fairest shoue, meanes most deceit.
But bring they what they will, and what they can,
What need wee leaue our grounds the lowest?
And wee are halfe way there: Goe tell their Generall wee attend him heere, to know for what he comes, and whence he comes, and what he craues?

Lord. I goe my Lord.

Cleon. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist,
If warres; wee are vnable to resist.

Enter Pericles with attendants.

Per. Lord Gouvernour, for so wee heare you are,
Let not our Ships and number of our men,
Be like a beacon fier'd, t'amaze your eyes,
Wee haue heard your miseries as farre as Tyre,
And scene the desolation of your streets,
Nor come we to adde sorrow to your teares,
But to relieue them of their heauy load,
And these our Ships you happily may thinke,

Are

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Are like the Trojan Horse, was stufte within
With bloody veines expecting ouerthrow,
Are stor'd with Corne, to make your needie bread,
And giue them life, whom hunger-staru'd halfe dead.

Omnis. The Gods of *Grace* protect you,
And wee'le pray for you.

Per. Arise I pray you, rise, we do not looke for reuerence,
But for loue, and harborage for our selfe, our ships, & men.

Cleon. The which when any shall not gratifie,
Or pay you with vnthankfulnesse in thought,
Beit our Wiues, our Children, or our selues,
The Curse of heauen and men succeed their euils:
Till when the which (I hope) shall neare be seene:
Your *Grace* is welcome to our Towne and vs.

Peri. Which welcome wee'le accept, feast here awhile,
Vntill our Starres that frowne, lend vs a smile. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Heere haue you seene a mightie King,
His child I wis to incest bring:
A better Prince, and benigne Lord,
That Will proue awfull both in deed and word:
Be quiet then as men should bee,
Till he hath past necessitie:
I'le shew you those in troubles raigne,
Loosing a Mite, a Mountaine game:
The good in conuersation,
To whom I giue my benizon:
Is still at *Thursfild*, where each man,
Thinke all is writ, he spoken can:
And to remember what he does,
Build his Statue to make him glorious:
But tidings to the contrarie,
Are brought your eyes, what need speake I.

C.

Dumbe

The Play of

Dombe shew.

*Enter at one dore Pericles talking with Cleon, all the trains
with them: Enter at an other dore, a Gentleman with a
Letter to Pericles, Pericles shewes the Letter to Cleon;
Pericles gives the Messenger a reward, and Knights know:
Exit Pericles at one dore, and Cleon at an other.*

Good Helicon that stayde at home,
Not to eat Hony like a Drone,
From others labours; for though he strive
To killen bad, keepe good alive:
And to fulfill his prince desire,
Sau'd one of all, that haps in Tyre:
How *Thalart* came full bent with sinne,
And had intent to murder him;
And that in *Tharsus* was not best,
Longer for him to make his rest:
He doing so, put foorth to Seas,
Where when men been, there's seldome ease,
For now the Wind begins to blow,
Thunder aboue, and deepes below,
Makes such vnquiet, that the Shippe,
Should house him safe; is wrackt and split,
And he (good Prince) hauing all lost,
By Waues, from coast to coast is tost:
All perisshen of man of pelfe,
Ne ought escapend but himselfe;
Till Fortune tir'd with doing bad,
Threw him a shore, to giue him glad:
And heere he comes: what shall be next,
Pardon old Gower, this long's the text.

Enter Pericles wette.

Peri. Yet cease your ire you angry Starres of heauen,
Wind, Raine, and Thunder, remember earthly man
Is but a substaunce that must yeeld to you:
And I (as fits my nature) do obey you.

Alasse,

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Alasse, the Seas hath cast me on the Rocks,
Washt me from shore to shore, and left my breath
Nothing to thinke on, but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatnesse of your powers,
To haue bereft a Prince of all his fortunes;
And hauing throwne him from your watry graue,
Heere to haue death in peace, is all hee'le craue.

Enter three Fisher-men.

1. What, to pelch?
2. Ha, come and bring away the Nets.
1. What Patch-breech, I say.
3. What say you Maister?
1. Looke how thou stirr'st now:

Come away, or Ile fetch'th with a wanion.

3. Fayth Maister, I am thinking of the poore men,
That were cast away before vs euen now.

1. Alasse poore soules, it griued my heart to heare,
What pittifull cryes they made to vs, to helpe them,
When (welladay) we could scarce helpe our selues.

3. Nay Maister, sayd not I as much,
When I saw the Porpas how he bounst and tumbled?
They say they're halfe fish, halfe flesh:
A plague on them, they nere come but I looke to be washt.
Maister, I marvel how the Fishes liue in the Sea?

1. Why, as Men doe a-land;
The great ones eate vp the little ones:
I can compare our rich Misers to nothing so fitly,
As to a Whale; a playes and tumbles,
Dryuing the poore Fry before him,
And at last, deuowre them all at a mouthfull:
Such Whales haue I heard on, a'th land,
Who neuer leaue gaping, till they swallow'd
The whole Parish, Church, Steeple, Belles and all.

Peri. A prettie morall.

3. But Maister, if I had been the Sexton,
I would haue been that day in the belfrie.

a. Why, Man?

C 2.

1. Because

The Play of

1. Because he should haue swallowed mee too,
And when I had been in his belly,
I would haue kept such a iangling of the Belles,
That he should neuer haue left,
Till he cast Belles, Steeple, Church and Parish vp againe:
But if the good King *Simonides* were of my minde.

Per. Simonides?

3. We would purge the land of these Drones,
That robbe the Bee of her Hony.

Per. How from the fenny subiect of the Sea,
These Fishers tell the infirmities of men,
And from their watry empire recollect,
All that may men approue, or men detest.
Peace be at your labour, honest Fisher-men.

2. Honest good fellow what's that, if it be a day fits you
Search out of the Kalender, and no body looke after it?

Peri. May see the Sea hath cast vpon your coast:

2. What a drunken Knaue was the Sea,
To cast thee in our way?

Per. A man whom both the Waters and the Winde,
In that vast Tennis-court, hath made the Ball
For them to play vpon, intreats you pittie him:
Hee askes of you, that neuer vs'd to begge.

1. No friend, cannot you begge?
Heer's them in oug countrey of *greece*,
Gets more with begging, then we can doe with working.

2. Canst thou catch any Fishes then?

Peri. I neuer practizde it.

2. Nay then thou wilt starue sure: for heer's nothing to
be got now-adayes, vnesse thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I haue been, I haue forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to thinke on:
A man throng'd vp with cold, my Veines are chill,
And haue no more of life then may suffice,
To giue my tongue that heat to aske your helps:
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray you see me buried.

1. Die

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

1. Die, ke-tha ; now Gods forbid't, and I haue a Gowne
heere, come put it on, keepe thee warme : now afore mee a
handsome fellow : Come, thou shalt goe home, and wee'll
haue Flesh for all day, Fish for fasting-dayes and more ; or
Puddinges and Flap-iackes, and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thanke you sir.

2. Harke you my friend : You sayd you could not beg?

Per. I did but craue.

3. But craue?

Then Ile turne Crauer too, and so I shall scape whipping.

Per. Why, are you Beggers whipt then?

2. Oh not all, my friend, not all : for if all your Beggers
were whipt, I would wish no better office, then to be Beadle:
But Maister, Ile goe draw vp the Net.

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour?

1. Harke you sir ; doe you know vwhere yee are?

Per. Not well.

1. Why he tell you, this I cald *Prontapolar*,
And our King, the good *Symonides*.

Per. The good *Symonides*, doe you call him?

1. I sir, and he deserues so to be cal'd,
For his peaceable raigne, and good gouernement.

Per. He is a happy King, since he gaines from
His subiects the name of good, by his gouernment.
How farre is his Court distant from this shore?

1. Marv sir, halfe a dayes iourney : And Ile tell you,
He hath a faire Daughter, and to morrow is her birth-day,
And there are Princes and Knights come from all partes of
the World, to Iust and Turney for her loue.

Per. Were my fortunes equall to my desires,
I could wish to make one there.

1. O sir, things must be as they may : and what a man can
not get, he may lawfully deale for his Wiues soule.

Enter the two Fisher-men, drawing up a Net.

2. Helpe Maister helpe; heere's a Fish hangs in the Net,
Like a poore mans right in the law : t'will hardly come out.
Habots on't, tis come at last ; & tis turnd to a rusty Armour.

The Play of

Per. An Armour friends ; I pray you let me see it?
Thankes Fortune, yeat that after all crosses,
Thou giuest me somewhat to repaire my selfe:
And though it was mine owne part of my heritage,
Which my dead Father did bequeath to me,
With this strict charge euen as he left his life,
Keepe it my *Perycles*, it hath been a Shield
Twixt me and death, and poynted to this brayse,
For that it saued me, keepe it in like necessitie:
The which the Gods protect thee, Fame may defend thee:
It kept where I kept, I so dearely lou'd it,
Till the rough Seas, that spares not any man,
Tooke it in rage, though calm'd, haue ginen't againe:
I thanke thee for't, my shipwracke now's no ill,
Since I haue heere my Father gaue in his Will.

1. What meane you sir?

Per. To begge of you (kind friends) this Coate of worth,
For it was sometime Target to a King;
I know it by this marke: he loued me dearely,
And for his sake, I with the hauing of it,
And that you'd guide me to your Soueraignes Court,
Where with it, I may appeare a Gentleman:
And if that euer my low fortune's better,
He pay your bounties; till then, rest your debter.

1. Why wilt thou turney for the Lady?

Per. He shew the vertue I haue borne in Armies.

1. Why di'st take it: and the Gods giue thee good an't.
2. I but harke you my friend, 't was wee that made vp
this Garment through the rough seamies of the Waters:
there are certaine Condolements, certaine Vailes: I hope
sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had
them.

Let. Beleeue't, I will:

By your furtherance I am cloth'd in Steele,
And spight of all the rupture of the Sea,
This Iewell holdes his buylding on my arme:
Vnto thy vaine I will mount my selfe

Vpon

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Vpon a Courser, whose delight steps,
Shall make the gazer ioy to see him tread;
Onely (my friend) I yet am vnprouided of a paire of Bases.

2. Wee'le sure prouide, thou shalt haue
My best Gowne to make thee a paire;
And Ile bring thee to the Court my selfe.

Peri. Then Honour be but a Goale to my Will,
This day Ile rise, or else adde ill to ill.

Enter Simonides, with attendaunce, and Thaisa.

King. Are the Knights ready to begin the Tryumph?

1. *Lord.* They are my Leidge, and stay your comming,
To present them selues.

King. Returne them, We are ready, & our daughter heere,
In honour of whose Birth, these Triumphs are,
Sits heere like Beauties child, whom Nature gat,
For men to see; and seeing, woonder at.

Thai. It pleaseth you (my royall Father) to expresse
My Commendations great, whose merit's lesse.

King. It's fit it should be so, for Princes are
A modell which Heauen makes like to it selfe:
As Jewels loose their glory, if neglected,
So Princes their Renownes, if not respected:
Tis now your honour (Daughter) to entertaine
The labour of each Knight, in his deuice.

Thai. Which to preferue mine honour, I'll performe.

The first Knight passes by.

King. Who is the first, that doth preferre himselfe?

Thai. A Knight of Sparta (my renowned father)
And the deuice he beares vpon his Shield,
Is a blacke Ethyope reaching at the Sunne:
The word: *Lux tua vitam ibis.*

King. He loues you well, that holdes his life of you.

The second Knight.

Who is the second, that presents himselfe?

Thai. A.

The Play of

Tha. A Prince of *Macedon* (my royall father)
And the deuice he beares vpon his Shield,
Is an Armed Knight, that's conquered by a Lady:
The motto thus in Spanish. *Pue Per dolera kee per forsa.*

3. *Knight. Km.* And with the third?

Thas. The third, of *Amsoch*; and his deuice,
A wreath of Chiually: the word: *Me Pompey prouexit apex.*

4. *Knight. Km.* What is the fourth.

Thas. A burning Torch that's turned vpside downe;
The word: *Qus me alst me extinguat.*

Km. Which shewes that Beautie hath his power & will,
Which can as well enflame, as it can kill.

5. *Knight. Thas.* The fift, an Hand enuironed with Clouds,
Holding out Gold, that's by the Touch-stone tride:
The motto thus: *Sic sp. Et aida fides.*

6. *Knight. Km.* And what's the sixt, and last; the which,
The knight himself with such a graceful courtesie delivered?

Thas. Hee seemes to be a Stranger: but his Present is
A withered Branch, that's onely greene at top,
The motto: *In hac spe vivo.*

Km. A pretty morrall frō the deicest state wherein he is,
He hopes by you, his fortunes vet may flourish.

1. *Lord.* He had need meane better, then his outward shew
Can any way speake in his iust commend:
For by his rustie outside, he appeares,
To haue practis'd more the Whipstocke, then the Launce.

2. *Lord.* He well may be a Stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd tryumph, strangely furnisht.

3. *Lord.* And on set purpose let his Armour rust
Vntill this day, to scowre it in the dust.

Km. Opinion's but a foole, that makes vs scam
The outward habit, by the inward man.
But stay, the Knights are comming,
We will with-draw into the Gallerie.

Great shoutes, and all cry, the meane Knight.

Enter

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Enter the King and Knights from Telling.

King. Knights, to say you're welcome, were superfluous,
I place vpon the volume of your deedes,
As in a Title page, your worth in armes,
Were more then you expect, or more then's fit,
Since every worth in shew commends it selfe:
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a Feast.
You are Princes, and my guesles.

Thas. But you my Knight and guest,
To whom this Wreath of victorie I giue,
And crowne you King of this dayes happinesse.

Peri. Tis more by Fortune (Lady) then my Merit.

King. Call it by what you will, the day is your,
And here (I hope) is none that enuies it:
In framing an Artift, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed,
And you are her labourd scholler: come Queene a th'feast,
For (Daughter) so you are; heere take your place:
Martiall the rest, as they deserue their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good *Symonides*.

King. Your presence glads our dayes, honour we loue,
For who hates honour, hates the Gods about.

Marshal. Sir, yonder is your place.

Peri. Some other is more fit.

1. Knight. Contend not sir, for we are Gentlemen,
Haueneither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Enuies the great, nor shall the low despise.

Peri. You are right courtious Knights.

King. Sit sir, sit.

By *Ioue* (I wonder) that is King of thoughts,
These Cates resist mee, hee not thought vpon.

Tha By *Iuno* (that is Queene of marriage)
All Viands that I eate do seeme vnfaury,
Wishing him my meat: sure hee's a gallant Gentleman.

Kn. Hee's but a countrie Gentleman: ha's done no more
Then other Knights haue done, ha's broken a Staffe,

D.

Or

The Play of

Or so; so let it passe.

Tha. To mee he seemes like Diamond, to Glasse.

Peri. You Kings to mee, like to my fathers picture,
Which tels in that glory once he was,
Had Princes sit like Starrs about his Throane,
And hee the Sunne for them to reuerence;
None that beheld him, but like lesser lights,
Did vaile their Crownes to his supremacie;
Where now his sonne like a Glow worme in the night,
The which hath Fire in darknesse, none in light:
Whereby I see that Time's the King of men,
Hee's both their Parent, and he is their Graue,
And giues them what he will, not what they craue.

King. What, are you merry, Knights?

Knights. Who can be other, in this royall presence.

King. Heere, with a Cup that's stur'd vnto the brim,
As do you loue, fill to your Mistris lippes,
Wee drinke this health to you.

Knights. We thanke your Grace.

King. Yet pause awhile, yon Knight doth sit too melan-
As if the entertainement in our Court, (choly,
Had not a shew might counteruaile his worth:
Note it not ydu, *Thaisa.*

Tha. What is't to me, my father?

king. O attend my Daughter,
Princes in this, should liue like Gods aboue,
Who freely giue to euery one that come to honour them:
And Princes not doing so, are like to Gnats,
Which make a sound, but kild, are wondred at;
Therefore to make his entraunce more sweet,
Heere, say wee drinke this standing boule of wine to him.

Tha. Alas my Father, it befits not mee,
Vnto a stranger Knight to be so bold,
He may my profer take for an offence,
Since men take womens giftes for impudencia.

king. How? doe as I bid you, or you'll meoue me else.

Tha. Now by the Gods, he could not please me better.

king.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

king. And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of him
Of whence he is, his name, and Parentage?

Tba. The King my father (sir) has drunke to you.

Peri. I thanke him.

Tba. Wishing it so much blood vnto your life.

Peri. I thanke both him and you, and pledge him freely.

Tba. And further, he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage?

Peri. A Gentleman of Tyre, my name *Pericles*,
My education beene in Artes and Armes :
Who looking for aduentures in the world,
Was by the rough Seas rest of Ships and men,
and after shipwracke, driuen vpon this shore.

Tba. He thanks your Grace; names himselfe *Pericles*,
A Gentleman of Tyre : who onely by misfortune of the seas,
Bereft of Shippes and Men, cast on this shore:

king. Now by the Gods, I pittie his misfortune;
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come Gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time which lookes for other reuels;
Euen in your Armour as you are adrest,
Will well become a Souldiers daunce :
I will not haue excuse with saying this,
Lowd Musicke is too harsh for Ladyes heads,
Since they loue men in armes, as well as beds.

They daunce.

So, this was well askt, t'was so well perform'd.
Come sir, heer's a Lady that wants breathing too;
And I haue heard, you Knights of Tyre,
Are excellent in making Ladyes trippes;
And that their Measures are as excellent:

Peri. In those that praetize them, they are (my Lord)

king. Oh that's as much, as you would be denyed:
Of your faire courtesie : vnclaspe, vnclaspe.

They daunce.

Thankes Gentlemen to all, all haue done welly.
But you the best : Pages and lights, to conduct

The Play of

These Knights vnto their seuerall Lodgings :
Yours sir, we haue giuen order be next our owne.

Per. I am at your Graces pleasure.

Princes, it is too late to talke of Loue,
And that's the marke I know, you leuell at:
Therefore each one betake him to his rest,
To morrow all for speeding do their best.

Enter Hellicanus and Escanes.

Hell. No *Escanes*, know this of mee,

Antiochus from incest liued not free :

For which the most high Gods not minding,

Longer to with-hold the vengeance that

They had in store, due to this heynous

Capitall offence, euen in the height and pride

Of all his glory, when he was seated in

A Chariot of an inestimable value, and his daughter

With him; a fire from heauen came and shrueld

Vp those bodyes euen to lothing, for they so stounke,

That all those eyes ador'd them, ere their fall,

Scorne now their hand should giue them buriall.

Escanes. T'was very strange.

Hell. And yet but iustice; for though this King were great,

His greatnesse was no gard to barre heauens shaft,

But sinne had his reward.

Escan. Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

1. Lord. See, not a man in priuate conference,
Or counsaile, ha's respect with him but hee.

2. Lord. It shall no longer grieue, without reprove.

3. Lord. And curst be he that will not second it.

1. Lord. Follow me then : Lord *Hellicane*, a word.

Hell. With mee? and welcome happy day, my Lords.

1. Lord. Know, that our griefes are risen to the top,
And now at length they ouer-flow their banks.

Hell. Your griefes, for what?

Wrong

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Wrong not your Prince, you loue.

1. Lord. Wrong not your selfe then, noble *Helican*,
But if the Prince do liue, let vs salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath :
If in the world he liue, wee'le seeke him out :
If in his graue he rest, wee'le find him there,
And be resolued he liues to gouerne vs:
Or dead, giue's cause to mourne his funerall,
And leaue vs to our free election.

2. Lord. Whose death in deed, the strongest in our sensure,
And knowing this Kingdome is without a head,
Like goodly Buyldings left without a Roofe,
Soone fall to ruine : your noble selfe,
That best know how to rule, and how to raigne,
Wee thus submit vnto our Soueraigne.

Omnes. Liue noble *Helican*,

Hell. Try honours cause ; forbear your suffrages :
If that you loue Prince *Pericles*, forbear,
(Take I your wish, I leape into the seas,
Where's howerly trouble, for a minuts ease)
A twelue-month longer, let me intreat you
To forbear the absence of your King ;
If in which time expir'd, he not returne,
I shall with aged patience beare your yoake :
But if I cannot winne you to this loue,
Goe search like nobles, like noble subiects,
And in your search, spend your aduenturous worth,
Whom if you find, and winne vnto returne,
You shall like Diamonds sit about his Crowne.

1. Lord. To wisdom, hee's a foole, that will not yeeld :
And since Lord *Helican* enioyneth vs,
We with our trauels will endeaour.

Hell. Then you loue vs, we you, & wee'le claspe hands :
When Peeres thus knit, a Kingdome euer stands.

*Enter the King reading of a letter at one doore, .
the Knightes meets him.*

1. Knight. Good morrow to the good *Simondar*.

The Play of

King. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelue-month, shee'le not vndertake
A married life: her reason to her selfe is onely knowne,
Which from her, by no meanes can I get.

2. *Knight.* May we not get access to her (my Lord?)
King. Fayth, by no meanes, she hath so strictly
Tyed her to her Chamber, that 'tis impossible:
One twelue Moones more shee'le weare *Dianas* liuerie:
This by the eye of *Cynthia* hath she vowed,
And on her Virgin honour, will not breake it.

3. *knight.* Loth to bid farewell, we take our leaues.
King. So, they are well dispatcht:
Now to my daughters Letter; she telles me heere,
Shee'le wedde the stranger Knight;
Or neuer more to view nor day nor light.
T'is well Mistris, your choyce agrees with mine:
I like that well: nay how absolute she's in't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no.
Well, I do commend her choyce, and will no longer.
Haue it be delayed: Soft, heere he comes,
I must dissemble it.

Enter Peric'us.

Peri. All fortune to the good *Symmidas*.

King. To you as much: Sir, I am behoulding to you
For your sweete Musicke this last night:
I do protest, my cares were neuer better fedde
With such delightfull pleasing harmonie.

Peri. It is your Graces pleasure to commend,
Not my desert:

King. Sir, you are Musickes maister.

Peri. The worst of all her schollers (my good Lord.)

King. Let me aske you one thing:
What do you thinke of my Daughter, sir?

Peri. A most vertuous Princesse.

King. And she is faire too, is she not?

Peri. As a faire day in Sommer; woondrous faire.

King.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

king. Sir, my Daughter thinks very well of you,
I so well, that you must be her Maister,
And she will be your Scholler; therefore looke to it.

Peri. I am vnworthy for her Scholemaister.

king. She thinks not so: peruse this writing else.

Per. What's here, a letter that she loues the knight of Tyre?

T'is the Kings subtiltie to haue my life:
Oh seeke not to intrappe me, gracious Lord,
A Stranger, and distressed Gentleman,
That neuer aymed so hie, to loue your Daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.

king. Thou hast bewitcht my daughter,
And thou art a villaine.

Peri. By the Gods I haue not; neuer did thought
Of mine leuie offence; nor neuer did my actions
Yet commence a deed might gaine her loue,
Or your displeasure.

king. Traytor, thou lyest.

Peri. Traytor?

king. I, traytor.

Peri. Euen in his throat, vnlesse it be the King,
That calls me Traytor, I returne the lye.

king. Now by the Gods, I do applaude his courage,

Peri. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That neuer relisht of a base discent:

I came vnto your Court for Honours cause,

And not to be a Rebelle to her state:

And he that otherwise accountes of mee,

This Sword shall prooue, hee's Honours enimie.

king. Notheere comes my Daughter, she can witnesse it.

Enter Thaisa.

Peri. Then as you are as vertuous, as faire,
Resolue your angry Father, if my tongue
Did ere sollicite, or my hand subscribe
To any sillable that made loue to you?

Thai. Why sir, say if you had, who takes offence?

The Play of

At that, would make me glad?

Kne. Yea Mistris, are you so peremptorie?

I am glad on't with all my heart,

Ile tame you; Ile bring you in subiection.

Aside.

Will you not, hauing my consent,

Bestow your loue and your affections,

Vpon a Stranger? who for ought I know,

May be (nor can I thinke the contrary)

Aside.

As great in blood as I my selfe :

Therefore, heare you Mistris, either frame

Your will to mine : and you sir, heare you;

Either be rul'd by mee, or Ile make you,

Man and wife : nay come, your hands,

And lippes must seale it too : and being ioynd,

Ile thus your hopes destroy, and for further grieue :

God giue you ioy ; what are you both pleased ?

Tha. Yes, if you loue me sir?

Pers. Euen as my life, my blood that fosters it.

King. What are you both agreed?

Ambo. Yes, ift please your Maiestie.

King. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed,
And then with what haste you can, get you to bed. *Exiunt.*

Enter Gower.

Now sleepe yslacked hath the rout,
No din but snores about the house,
Made louder by the orefed breast,
Of this most pompous maryage Feast :
The Catte with eyne of burning cole,
Now couches from the Mouses hole,
And Cricket sing at the Ouens mouth,
Are the blyther for their drouth :
Hymen hath brought the Bride to bed,
Whereby the losse of maydenhead,
A Babe is moulded : be attent,

And

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

And Time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly each,
What's dumbe in shew, I'll plaine with speach.

*Enter Pericles and Symonides at one dore with attendantes,
a Messenger meets them, kneeles and giues Pericles a letter,
Pericles shewes it Symonides, the Lords kneele to him;
then enter Thayfa with child, with Lichorida a nurse,
the King shewes her the letter, she reioyces: she and Pericles
take leave of her father, and departs.*

By many a dearme and painefull pearch
Of *Perycles* the carefull search,
By the fower opposing *Crignes*,
Which the world together ioynes,
Is made with all due diligence,
That horse and sayle and hie expence,
Can steed the quest at last from *Tyre*:
Fame answering the most strange enquire,
To'th Court of King *Symonides*,
Are Letters brought, the tenour these:
Antiochus and his daughter dead,
The men of *Tyrs*, on the head
Of *Helycanus* would set on
The Crowne of *Tyre*, but he will none:
The mutanie, hee there haltes t'oppresse,
Sayes to'em, if King *Pericles*
Come not home in twise fixe Moones,
He obedient to their doomes,
Will take the Crowne: the summe of this,
Brought hither to *Penapolis*,
Irayned the regions round,
And euery one with claps can sound,
Our heyre apparant is a King:
Who dreamp't? who thought of such a thing?
Briefe he must hence depart to *Tyre*,
His Queene with child, makes her desue,

E,

Which

The Play of

Which who shall crosse along to goe,
Omit we all their dole and woe :
Lychorida her Nurse she takes,
And so to Sea; their vessell shakes,
On *Neptunes* billow, halfe the flood,
Hath their Keele cut : but fortune mou'd,
Varies againe, the grissled North
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That as a Ducke for life that diues,
So vp and downe the poore Ship driues :
The Lady shriekes, and wel-a-neare,
Do's fall in trawayle with her feare :
And what ensues in this fell storme,
Shall for it selfe, it selfe performe :
I nill relate, action may
Conueniently the fests conuay,
Which might not? what by me is told,
In your imagination hold :
This Stage, the Ship, vpon whose Decke
The seas tost *Pericles* appeares to speake.

Enter Pericles a Shipboord.

Peri. The God of this great Vast, rebuke these surges,
Which wash both heauen and hell, and thou that hast
Vpon the Windes commaund, bind them in Brasse;
Hauing call'd them from the deepe, ô still
Thy deatning dreadfull thunders, gently quench
Thy noble sulphurous flashes : ô How *Lychorida*!
How does my Queene: then sterne venomously,
Withthou speat all thy selfe? the sea-mans Whistle
Is as a whisper in the eares of death,
Vnheard *Lychorida*? *Lyma*, oh!
Diuinest patronesse, and my wife gentle
To those that cry by night, conuey thy deitie
Aboard our dauncing Boat, make swift the pangues
Of my Queenes trauayles? now *Lychorida*.

Enter

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Enter Lychorida.

Lychor. Heere is a thing too young for such a place,
Who if it had conceit, would die, as I am like to doe:
Take in your armes this peece of your dead Queene.

Per. How? how *Lychoridaa*?

Lychor. Patience (good sir) do not asist the storme,
Heer's all that is left living of your Queene;
A litle Daughter: for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you Gods!

Why do you make vs loue your goodly gyfts,
And snatch them straight away? we heere below,
Recall not what we giue, and therein may
Vse honour with you.

Lychor. Patience (good sir) euen for this charge.

Per. Now mylde may be thy life,
For a more blusterous birth had neuer Babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions; for
Thou art the rudelyest welcome to this world,
That euer was Princes Child: happy what followes,
Thou hast as chiding a natiuitie,
As Fire, Ayre, Water, Earth, and Heauen can make,
To harould thee from the wombe:
Euen at the first, thy losse is more then can
Thy portage quit, with all thou canst find heere:
Now the good Gods throw their best eyes vpon't.

Enter two Saylers.

1. Sayl. What courage sir? God saue you.

Per. Courage enough, I do not feare the flaw,
It hath done to me the worst: yet for the loue
Of this poore Infant, this fresh new sea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.

1. Sayl. Slacke the bolins there; thou wilt not wilt thou?
Blow and split thy selfe.

2. Sayl. But Sea-roome, and the brine and cloudy billow
Kisse the Moone, I care not.

E 2.

1. Sayl. Sir

The Play of

1. Sir your Queene must ouer board, the sea workes hie,
The Wind is lowd, and will not lie till the Ship
Be cleard of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

1. Pardon vs, sir, with vs at Sea it hath bin still obserued.
And we are strong in easterne, therefore briefly yeeld'er,

Per. As you thinke meet; for she must ouer board straight;
Most wretched Queene.

Lychur. Heere she lyes sir.

Peri. A terrible Child-bed hast thou had (my deare,
No light, no fire, th'vnfriendly elements,
Fergot thee vterly, nor haue I time
To giue thee hallowd to thy graue, but straight,
Must cast thee scarcely Coffind, in oare,
Where for a monument vpon thy bones,
The ayre remayning lampes, the belching Whale,
And humming Water must orewele thy corpes,
Lying with simple shels: ô *Lychborada*,
Bid *Neslor* bring me Spices, Incke, and Taper,
My Casket, and my Iewels; and bid *Nicander*
Bring me the Sattin Coffin: lay the Babe
Vpon the Pillow; hie thee whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her: sodainely, woman.
2. Sir, we haue a Chist beneath the hatches,
Caulkt and bittumed ready.

Peri. I thanke thee: Mariner say, what Coast is this?

2. Wee are neere *Tharsus*.

Peri. Thither gentle Mariner,
Alter thy course for *Cyre*: When canst thou reach it?

2. By breake of day, if the Wind cease.

Peri. O make for *Tharsus*,
There will I visit *Cleor*, for the Babe
Cannot hold out to *Tyrus*; there Ile leaue it
At carefull nursing: goe thy wayes good Mariner,
Ile bring the body presently.

Exit.

Enter

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Enter Lord Cerymon With a servant.

Cery. Phylemon, hoe.

Enter Phylemon.

Phyl. Doth my Lord call?

Cery. Get Fire and meat for these poore men,
T'as been a turbulent and stormie night.

Serv. I haue been in many; but such a night as this,
Till now, I neare endured.

Cery. Your Maister will be dead ere you returne,
There's nothing can be ministred to Nature,
That can recouer him: giue this to the Pothecary,
And tell me how it workes.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. Gent. Good morrow.

2. Gent. Good morrow to your Lordship,

Cery. Gentlemen, why doe you stirre so early?

1. Gent. Sir, our lodgings standing bleake vpon the sea,
Shooke as the earth did quake:

The very principals did seeme to rend and all to topple:
Pure surprize and feare, made me to quite the house.

2. Gent. That is the cause we trouble you so early,
Tis not our husbandry.

Cery. O you say well.

1. Gent. But I much maruaile that your Lordship,
Hauing rich ture about you, should at these early howers,
Shake off the golden slumber of repose; tis most strange.
Nature should be so conuerfant with Paine,
Being thereto not compelled.

Cery. I hold it euer Vertue and Cunning,
Were endowments greater, then Noblenesse & Riches;
Carelesse Heyres, may the two latter darken and expend;
But Immortalitie attendes the former,
Making a man a god:

Tis knowne, I euer haue studied Physicke:
Through which secret Art, by turning ore Authorities,

The Play of

I haue togeather with my practise, made famylar,
To me and to my ayde, the blest infusions that dwels
In Vegetiues, in Mettals, Stones: and can speake of the
Disturbances that Nature works, and of her cures;
which doth giue me a more content in course of true delight
Then to be thirsty after tottering honour, or
Tie my pleasure vp in silken Bagges,
To please the Foole and Death.

2. Gent. Your honour has through *Ephesus*,
Poured soorth your charitie, and hundreds call themselves,
Your Creatures; who by you, haue been restored;
And not your knowledge, your personall payne,
But euen your Purse still open, hath built *Lord Cerimon*,
Such strong renowne, as time shall neuer.

Enter two or three with a Chist.

Sern. So, lift there.

Cer. What's that?

Ser. Sir, euen now did the sea tosse vp vpon our shore
This Chist; tis of some wracke.

Cer. Set't downe, let's looke vpon't.

2. Gent. T'is like a Coffin, sir.

Cer. What ere it be, t'is woondrous heauie;
Wrench it open straight:
If the Seas stomacke be orecharg'd with Gold,
T'is a good constraint of Fortune it belches vpon vs.

2. Gent. T'is so, my Lord.

Cer. How close tis caulkt & bottomed, did the sea cast it vp?

Ser. I neuer saw so huge a billow sir, as toss it vpon shore.

Cer. Wrench it open soft; it smells most sweetly in my sense.

2. Gent. A delicate Odour.

Cer. As euer hit my nostrill: so, vp with it.

O, you most potent Gods! what's here, a Corse?

2. Gent. Most strange.

Cer. Shrowded in Cloth of state, balmed and entreaured
with full bagges of Spices, a Pasport to *Apollo*, perfect mee
in the Characters:

Heire

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

*Heere I giue to vnderstand,
If ere this Ceffin drives a land;
I King Pericles haue lost
This Queene, worth all our mundaine cost:
Who finds her, giue her burying,
She was the Daughter of a King:
Besides, this Treasure for a fee,
The Gods requit his charitie.*

If thou liuest *Pericles*, thou hast a heart,
That euer cracks for woe, this chaunc'd to night.

2. Gent. Most likely sir.

Cir. Nay certainly to night, for looke how fresh she looks
They were too rough, that threw her in the sea.
Make a Fire within; fetch hither all my Boxes in my Closet,
Death may vsurpe on Nature many howers, and yet
The fire of life kindle againe the ore-prest spirits:
I heard of an *Egyptian* that had 9. howers lien dead,
Who was by good applyaunce recovered.

Enter one with Napkins and Fire.

Well sayd, well sayd; the fire and clothes: the rough and
Wofull Musick that we haue, cause it to sound beseech you:
The Violl once more; how thou stirr'st thou blocke?
The Musicke there: I pray you giue her ayre:
Gentlemen, this Queene will liue,
Nature awakes a warmth breath out of her;
She hath not been entranc't above fīue howers:
See how she giues to blow into lifes flower againe.

1. Gent. The Heauens, through you, encrease our wonder,
And sets vp your fame for euer.

Cer. She is aliue, behold her ey-lids
Cafes to those heauenly iewels which *Pericles* hath lost,
Begin to part their shingles of bright gold,
The Diamonds of a most prayd water doth appeare,
To make the world twise rich, liue, and make vs weep:
To heare your fate, faire creature, rare as you seeme to bee.

Shee m. nes.

Thas. O deare *Diana*, where am I? where's my Lord?

What

The Play of

What world is this?

2. *Gent.* Is not this strange? 1. *Gent.* Most rare.

Ceri. Hush (my gentle neighbours) lend me your hands,
To the next Chamber beare her : get linnen:
Now this matter must be lookt to for her relapse
Is mortall : come, come ; and *Esculapius* guide vs.

They carry her away. Exeunt omnes.

Enter Pericles, Atharus, with Cleon and Dionisa.

Per. Most honor'd *Cleon*, I must needs be gone, my twelue
months are expir'd, and *Tyrus* standes in a litigious peace:
You and your Lady take from my heart all thankfulnessse,
The Gods make vp the rest vpon you.

Cle. Your shakes of fortune, though they hant you mor-
Yet glaunce full wondringly on vs. (rally)

Di. O your sweet Queene ! that the strict fates had pleas'd,
you had brought her hither to haue blest mine eies with her.

Per. We cannot but obey the powers aboue vs,
Could I rage and rore as doth the sea she lies in,
Yet the end must be as tis : my gentle babe *Marina*,
Whom, for she was borne at sea, I haue named so,
Here I charge your charitie withall; leauing her
The infant of your care, beseeching you to giue her
Princely training, that she may be maner'd as she is borne.

Cle. Feare not (my Lord) but thinke your Grace,
That fed my Countrie with your Corne; for which,
The peoples prayers still fall vpon you, must in your child
Be thought on, if neglection should therein make me vile,
The common body by you relieu'd,
Would force me to my duety : but if to that,
My nature neede a spurre, the Gods reuenge it
Vpon me and mine, to the end of generation.

Per. I beleene you, your honour and your goodnes,
Teach me too't without your vowes, till she be married,
Madame, by bright *Diana*, whom we honour,
All vnfilers shall this heyre of mine remayne,
Though I shew will in't; so I take my leaue :
Good Madame, make me blessed in your care
In bringing vp my Child.

Cler. I

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Dion. I haue one my selfe, who shall not be more deere
to my respect then yours, my Lord.

Peri. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cler. Weel bring your Grace ene to the edge ath shore,
then giue you vpto the mask'd *Neptune*, and the gentlest
winds of heauen.

Peri. I will imbrace your offer, come deereft Madame,
O no teares *Licherida*, no teares, looke to your litle Mistris,
on whose grace you may depend hereafter : come my
Lord.

Enter Cerimon, and Thersa.

Cer. Madam, this Letter, and some certaine Jewels,
Lay with you in your Coffer, which are at your command :
Know you the Charecter?

Thar. It is my Lords, that I was shipt at sea I well remem-
ber, euen on my learning time, but whether there deliue-
red, by the holie gods I cannot rightly say : but since King
Pericles my wedded Lord, I nere shall see againe, a vastall
liuerie will I take me to, and neuer more haue ioy.

Cler. Madam, if this you purpose as ye speake,
Dianes Temple is not distant farre,
Where you may abide till your date expire,
Moreouer if you please a Neece of mine,
shall therè attend you.

Thir. My recompence is thanks, thats all,
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small. *Exit.*

Enter Gower.

Imagine *Pericles* arriude at *Tyre*,
Welcomd and settled to his owne desire:
His wofull Queene we leaue at *Ephesus*,
Vnto *Diana* ther's a Votarisse.

5

Now

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Now to *Marina* bend your mind,
Whom our fast growing scene must finde
At *Tha-Jus*. and by *Cleon* traine
In Musicks letters, who hath gaine
Of education all the grace,
Which makes hie both the art and place
Of generall wonder: but alacke
That monster Enuie oft the wracke
Of eard praise, *Marinas* life
Secke to take off by treasons knife,
And in this kinde, our *Cleon* hath
One daughter and a full growne wench,
Euen right for marriage sight: this Maid
Hight *Poulsen*: and it is said
For certaine in our storie, shee
Would euer with *Marina* bee.
Beer when they weaude the sleded silke,
With fingers long, small, white as milke,
Or when she would with sharpe needle wound,
The Cambricke which she made more sound
By hurting it or when too'th Lute
She sung, and made the night bed mute,
That still records with mone, or when
She would with rich and constant pen,
Vaile to her Mistresse *Dian* still,
This *Phyloten* contends in skill
With absolute *Marina*: so
The Doue of *Paphos* might with the crow
Vie feathers white, *Marina* gets
All prayfes, which are paid as debts,
And not as giuen, this so darkes
In *Phyloten* all gracefull markes,
That *Cleons* wife with Enuie rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good *Marina*, that her daughter

Might

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Might stand peerlesse by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Le. beside our nurse is dead,
And cursed *Dioniza* hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath.
Prest for this blow, the vnborne euent,
I doe commend to your content,
Onely I carried winged Time,
Post one the lame fete of my rime,
Which neuer coul I so conuey,
vnlesse your thoughts went on my way,
Dioniza does appeare,
With *Leonine* a murtherer. *Exit.*

Enter Dioniza, with Leonine.

Dion. Thy oath remember, thou hast sworne to doo't,
is but a blowe which neuer shall bee knowne, thou
canst not doe a thing in the worlde so soone to yeeldie
thee so much profite: let not conscience which is but
cold, in flaming, thy loue to some, enflame too nicelie,
nor let pittie which euen women haue cast off, melt thee,
but be a souldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I will doo't, but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the Gods should haue her.
Here she comes weeping for her onely Mistresse death,
Thou art resolute.

Leon. I am resolute.

Enter Marina with a Basket of flowers.

Mar. No: I will rob *Tellus* of her weede to strowe
thy Greene with Flowers, the yellows, blewes, the purple
Violets, and Marigolds, shall as a Carpet hang vpon thy
graue, while Sommer dayes doth last: Aye me poore maid,
borne

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

borne in a tempest, when my mother did, this world to me
is a lasting storme, whirring me from my friends.

Dion. How now *Marina*, why doe you keep alone?
How chauce my daughter is not with you?
Doe not consume your blood with sorrowing,
Haue you a nurse of me? Lord how your fauours
Changd with this vnprofitable woe:
Come giue me your flowers, ere the sea marre it,
Walke with *Leonine*, the ayre is quicke there,
And it perces and sharpenes the stomacke,
Come *Leonine* take her by the arme, walke with her.

Mari. No I pray you, Ile not because you of your seruāt.

Dion. Come, come, I loue the king your father, and your
selfe, with more then forraine heart, wee euery day expect
him here, when he shall come and find our Paragon to all
reports thus blasted,

He will repent the breadth of his great voyage, blame both
my Lord and me, that we haue taken no care to your best
courses, go I pray you, walke and be chearfull once againe,
referue that excellent complexion, which did steale the
eyes of yong and old. Care not for me, I can go home a-
lone.

Mari. Well, I will goe, but yet I haue no desire too it.

Dion. Come, come, I know tis good for you, walke halfe
an houre *Leonine*, at the least, remember what I haue sed.

Leon. I warrant you Madam.

Dion. Ile leaue you my sweete Ladie, for a while, pray
walke softly, doe not heate your blood, what, I must haue
care of you.

Mari. My thanks sweete Madame, Is this wind Westerlie
that blowes?

Leon. Southwest.

Mari. When I was borne the wind was North.

Leon. Wasst so?

Mari. My father, as nurse scs, did neuer feare, but cryed
good

Pierrots Prince of Tyre.

good sea-men to the Saylers, galling his kingly hands haling ropes, and clasping to the Mast, endured a sea that almost burst the decke.

Leon. When was this?

Mari. When I was borne, neuer was waues nor winde more violent, and from the ladder tackle, walshes off a canuas clymer, ha ses one, wolt out? and with a dropping industrie they skip from sterne to sterne, the Boatswaine whistles, and the Maister calles and trebles their confusion.

Leon. Come say your prayers.

Mari. What meane you?

Leon. If you require a little space for praier, I graunt it, pray, but bee not tedious, for the Gods are quicke of care, and I am sworne to do my worke with haste.

Mari. Why will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfie my Ladie.

Mari. Why would shee haue mee kild now? as I can remember by my troth, I neuer did her hurt in all my life, I neuer spake bad worde, nor did ill turne to anie liuing creature: Beleeue me law, I neuer kild a Mouse, nor hurt a Fly: I trode vpon a worne against my will, but I wept fort. How haue I offended, wherein my death might yeeld her anie profit, or my life imply her any danger?

Leon. My Commission is not to reason of the deed, but doo't.

Mari. You will not doo't for all the world I hope: you are well fauoured, and your lookes foreshew you haue a gentle heart, I saw you latelic when you caught hurt in parting two that fought: good sooth it shewde well in you, do so now, your Ladie seekes my life Come, you betweene, and saue poore mee the weaker.

Leon. I am sworne and will dispatch.

Enter Pirats.

Pirat. 1. Hold villaine.

Pirat. 2. A prize, a prize.

Pirat. 3. Halfe part mates, halfe part. Come lets haue

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

her aboard sodainly.

Exit.

Enter Leonine.

Leon. These rogues theecus serue the great Pirate
Valdes, and they haue leiz'd *Marina*, let her goe, ther's no
hope shee will returne, He sweare shees dead, and throwne
into the Sea, but I see further: perhappes they will but
please themselues vpon her, nor carrie her aboard, if shee
remaine
Whome they haue rauisht, must by mee be slaine.

Exit.

Enter the three Bawds.

Pander. Bouts.

Bouts. Sir.

Pander. Searche the market narrowly, *Mettelyne* is
full of gallants, wee lost too much much money this morn
by beeing too wenchleisse.

Bawd. Wee were neuer so much out of Creatures, we
haue but poore three, and they can doe no more then they
can doe, and they with continuall action, are euen as good
as rotten.

Pander. Therefore lets haue fresh ones what ere wee pay
for them, if there bee not a conscience to be vs'de in euery
trade, wee shall neuer prosper.

Bawd. Thou sayst true, tis not our bringing vp of poore
bastards, as I thinke, I haue brought vp some eleuen.

Bouts. I to eleuen, and brought them downe againe,
but shall I searche the market?

Bawd. What else may the stufte we haue, a strong
winde will blowe it to peeces, they are so pittifully fudden.

Pan.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Pander. Thou sayest true, there's two unwholesome a conscience, the poor Transilvanian is dead that lay with the little baggadys.

Boult. Shee quickly poynt him, she made him roads -- made for worms, but she goes searche the market

Exit

Pand. Three or foure thousand Cheekins were as pastie a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bard. Why to give our spray you? Is it a shame to get when wee are olde?

Pand. Oh our credit comes not in like the commo-
dities, nor the commoditie wages not with the danger:
therefore if on our youthe we could picke up some prettie
estate, 'twere not amysse to keepe our doore hatch't; besides
the fore tearmes we stand upon with the gods wil be strong
with us for giving ore.

Bard. Come other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we, I, and better too, wee offend
worre, neither is our profession any trade, It's no calling,
but here comes Boult

Enter Boult with the Pirates and Marina

Boult. Come your wages my maisters, you say shee's a
virgin.

Saylor. O Sir, wee doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I have gone through for this peece you
see, if you like her so, if not I have lost my earnest.

Bard. Boult has shee any qualities?

Boult. Shee has a good face, speaks well, and has ex-
cellent good clothes: there's no farther necessity of qua-
lities can make her be repaid.

Bard. What's her price Boult?

Boult.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Boult. I cannot be better one doer of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me my maisters, you shall have your money presently, wife take her in, instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be cawed in her entertainment.

Pand. Boult, take you the marks of her, the colour of her haire, complexion, height, her age, with warrant of her virginitie, and give, so that will give most that have her first, such a maidenhead were no cheape thing, if men were as they have beene: get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow.

Exit

Mar. Alacke that Bonine was so slacke, so slow, he should have strooke, not spoke, or that these Pirates, not enough barbarous, had not oreboard thrown me, for to save my mother.

Bard. Why lament you prettie one?

Mar. That I am, prettie.

Bard. Come, the Gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bard. You are light into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault, to scape his handes, where I was to die.

Bard. I, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bard. Yes indeed shall you, and taste Gentlemen of all fashions, you shall face well, you shall have the difference of all complexions, what doe you stop your eares?

Mar. Are you a Woman?

Bard. What would you have mee be, and I be not a Woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a Woman.

Bard. Marie whip the flogging, I thinke I shall have something to doe with you, come you're a young, foolish sappling, and must be dowed as I would have you.

Mar. The Gods defend me.

Bard.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Baud. If it please the Gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men stir you vp: *Boults* returnd. Now sir, hast thou cride her through the Market?

Boults. I haue cryde her almost to the number of her haire, I haue drawne her picture with my voice.

Baud. And I prethee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the yonger sort?

Boults. Faith they listened to mee, as they would haue harkened to their fathers testament, there was a Spaniards mouth watred, and he went to bed to her verie description.

Baud. We shall haue him here to morrow with his best ruffe on.

Boults. To night, to night, but Mistrisse doe you knowe the French knight, that cowers ethe hams?

Baud. Who, *Monsieur Verellus*?

Boults. I, he, he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation, but he made a groane at it, and swore he would see her to morrow.

Baud. Well, well, as for him, hee brought his discafe hither, here he does but repaire it, I knowe hee will come in our shadow, to scatter his crownes in the Sunne.

Boults. Well, if we had of euerie Nation a trauceller, wee should lodge them with this signe.

Baud. Pray you come hither a while, you haue Fortunes comming vpon you, marke mee, you must seeme to doe that fearefully, which you commit willingly, despise profite, where you haue most gaine, to weepe that you liue as yee doe, makes pittie in your Louers seldome, but that pittie begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a meere profite.

Mari. I vnderstand you not.

Boults. O take her home Mistrisse, take her home, these blushes of hers must bee quencht with some present practise.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Mari. Thou sayest true yfaith, so they must, for your Bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to goe with warrant.

Boult. Faith some doe, and some doe not, but Mistrisse if I haue bargained for the ioynt.

Baud. Thou maist cut a morsell off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Baud. Who should denie it?

Come young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. I by my faith, they shall not be changd yet.

Baud. *Boult*, spend thou that in the towne: report what a sojourner we haue, youle loose nothing by custome. When Nature fra.nde this peece, thee meant thee a good turne, therefore say what a parragon theis, and thou halt the haruest out of thine owne report.

Boult. I warrant you Mistrisse, tounder shall not so awake the beds of Eccles, as my giuing out her beautie thirs vp the lewdly enclined, Ile bring home some to night.

Baud. Come your wayes, follow me.

Mari. If fires be hote, kniues sharpe, or waters deepe, Vntide I still my virgin knot will keepe.
Diana ayde my purpose.

Baud. What haue we to doe with *Diana*, pray you will you goe with vs?

Exit.

Enter Cleon, and Dioniza.

Dion. Why ere you foolish, can it be vndone?

Cleon. O *Dioniza*, such a peece of slaughter,
The Sunne and Moone nere lookt vpon.

Dion. I thinke youle turne a childe agen,

Cle.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Cleon. Were I chiefe Lord of all this spacious world, I'de giue it to vndo the deede. O Ladie much leife in bloud then vertue, yet a Princes to equall any single Crowne ath earth-
ith Iustice of compare, O villaine, *Leontine* whom thou hast
poisoned too, if thou hadst drunke to him tad beene a
kindnesse becomming well thy face, what canst thou say
when noble *Pericles* shall demaund his child?

Dion. That shee is dead. Nurles are not the fates to fo-
ster it, nor cuer to preserue, shee dide at night, Ile say so, who
can crosse it vnlesse you play the impious Innocent, and
for an honest attribute, erie out shee dyde by foule
play.

Cle. O goe too, well, well, of all the faults beneath the
heauens, the Gods doe like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those that thinkes the pettie wrens of
Tharsus will flie hence, and open this to *Pericles*. I do shame
to thinke of what a noble straine you are, and of how co-
ward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding who cuer but his approba-
tion added, though not his prince consent, he did not flow
from honourable courses.

Dion. Be it so then, yet none does knowe but you
how shee came dead, nor none can knowe *Leontine* being
gone. Shee did disdain my childe, and stood betweene
her and her fortunes: none woulde looke on her, but
cast their gazes on *Marsanus* face, whilest ours was blur-
ted at, and helde a Mawkin not worth the time of day.
It pierst me thorow, and though you call my course vn-
naturall, you not your childe well louing, yet I finde it
greet mee as an enterprize of kindnesse performed to your
sole daughter.

Cle. Heauens forgiue it.

Dion. And as for *Pericles*, what should hee say, we wept
after her hearse, & yet we mourne, her monument is almost
finished, & her epitaphs in glittering golde characters expres
a gene-

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

a generall prayse to her, and care in vs at whose expence tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the Harpie,
Which to betray, doest with thine Angells face cease with
thine Eagles talents;

Dion. Yere like one that superstitiously,
Doe swear too'th Gods, that Winter kills
The Fliies, but yet I know, youle
doe as I aduise.

Gower. Thus time we waste, & long leagues make short,
Saile seas in Cockles, haue and wish but fort,
Making to take our imagination,
From bourne to bourne, region to region,
By you being pardoned we commit no crime,
To vse one language, in each seuerall clime,
Where our sceanes seemes to liue,
I doe beseech you
To learne of me who stand with gappes
To teach you.

The stages of our storie *Pericles*
Is now againe thwarting thy wayward seas,
Attended on by many a Lord and Knight,
To see his daughter all his liues delight.
Old *Helicanus* goes along behind,
Is left to gouerne it, you beare in mind.
Old *Escanes*, whom *Helicanus* late
Aduancede in time to great and hie estate.
Well sayling ships, and bounteous winds
Haue brought
This king to *Tharsus*, thinke this *Pilat* thought
So with his sterage, shall your thoughts grone
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone
Like moats and shadowes, see them
Moue a while,
Your cares vnto your eyes lye reconcile.

Enter

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Enter Pericles at one doore, with all his trayne, Cleon and Dioniza at the other. Cleon shewes Pericles the tombe, whereat Pericles makes lamentation, puts on sack-cloth, and in a mighty passion departs.

Gowr. See how beleefe may suffer by fowle shewe,
This borrowed passion stands for true olde woe :
And *Pericles* in sorrowe all deuour'd,
With sighes shot through, and biggest teares ore-shower'd.
Leaues Tharsus, and againe imbarques, hee swears
Neuer to wash his face, nor cut his hayres :
Hee put on sack-cloth, and to Sea he beares,
A Tempest which his mortall vessell teares.
And yet hee rydes it out, Nowe please you wit:
The Epitaphis for *Marina* writ, by wicked *Dioniza*.

*The fairest, sweetest, and best lyas beere,
Who withered in her spring of yeare :
She was of Tyre the Kings daughter,
On whom fowle death hath made this slaughter.
Marina was shee call'd, and at her byrth,
Thetis being proud, swallowed some part at her birth :
Therefore the earth fearing to be ore-floud,
Hath Thetis byrth-childs on the heauens bestowed.
Wherefore shee does and swears shee neuer stint,
Make raging Battery upon shores of flint.*

No vizor does become blacke villanie,
So well as soft and tender flatterie :
Let *Pericles* beleeue his daughter's dead,
And beare his courtes to be ordered ;
By Lady Fortune, while our Steare must play,
His daughters woe and heauie welladay.
In her vnholie seruice : Patience then,
And thinke you now are all in *Mistelin*.

Exit.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Genl.* Did you euer heare the like?

G 3

2. *Genl.*

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

2. *Gent.* No, nor neuer shall doe in such a place as this, shee beeing once gone.

1. But to haue diuinitie preach't there, did you euer dreame of such a thing?

2. No, no, come, I am for no more bawdie houses, shall's goe heare the Vestalls sing?

1. He doe any thing now that is vertuous, but I am out of the road of rutting for euer. *Exit.*

Enter Bawdes 3.

Pand. Well, I had rather then twice the worth of her fluce had nere come heere.

Bawd. Fye, fye, vpon her, shee's able to freeze the god *Priapus*, and vndoe a whole generation, we must either get her rauished, or be rid of her, when she should doe for Cly-ents her fitment, and doe mee the kindenesse of our pro- fession, shee has me her quirks, her reasons, her master rea- sons, her prayers, her knees, that shee would make a *Pari- taine* of the diuell, if hee should cheapen a kisse of her.

Boult. Faith I must rauish her, or shee'le disfurnish vs of all our Cauallereea, and make our swearers priests.

Pand. Now the poxe vpon her Greene sicknes for mee.

Bawd. Faith ther's no way to be ridde on' but by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord *Lyfismachus* disguised.

Boult. Wee should haue both Lorde and Lowne, if the peeuish baggadage would but giue way to customers.

Enter Lyfismachus.

Lyfism. How now, how a douzen of virginities?

Bawd. Now the Gods to bleisse your Honour.

Boult. I am glad to see your Honour in good health.

Li. You may, so t'is the better for you that your re- sorters stand vpon sound legges, how now? whose enie ini- quitie haue you, that a man may deale withall, and defie the Surgion?

Bawd. Wee haue heere one Sir, if shee would, but there

Pericles Prince of Tyre 3

there neuer came her like in *Melaine*. (say.

Li. If shee'd doe the deedes of darknes thou wouldst

Bawd. Your Honor knows what 't is to say wel enough.

Li. Well, call forth, call forth.

Boul. For flesh and bloud Sir, white and red, you shall see a rose, and she were a rose indeed, if shee had but.

Li. What prithi?

Boul. O Sir, I can be modest.

Li. That dignities the renowne of a Bawde, no lesse then it giues a good report to a number to be chaste.

Bawd. Heere comes that which growes to the stalke, Neuer pluckt yet I can assure you.

Is shee not a faire creature?

Ly. Faith shee would serue after a long voyage at Sea, Well theres for you, leaue vs.

Bawd. I beseeche your Honor giue me leaue a word, And Ile haue done presently.

Li. I beseech you doe.

Bawd. First, I would haue you note, this is an Honorable man. (note him.

Mar. I desire to finde him so, that I may worthilie

Bawd. Next hees the Gouvernor of this country, and a man whom I am bound too.

Ma. If he gouerne the country you are bound to him indeed, but how honorable hee is in that, I knowe not.

Bawd. Pray you without anie more virginall fencing, will you vse him kindly? he will lyne your apron with gold.

Ma. What hee will doe gratiouly, I will thankfully receiue.

Li. Ha you done?

Bawd. My Lord shees not pac'fste yet, you must take some paines to worke her to your mannage, come wee will leaue his Honor, and her together, goe thy wayes. (trade?

Li. Now prittie one, how long haue you beene at this

Ma. What trade Sir?

Li. Why

Poetica Princesse of Tyre.

Li. Why, I cannot name but I shall offend. (name it.)

Ma. I cannot be offended with my trade, please you to

Li. How long haue you bene of this profession?

Ma. Ere since I can remember.

Li. Did you goe too't so young, were you a gamester at five, or at seven?

Ma. Earlyer too Sir, if now I bee one.

Ly. Why? the house you dwell in proclaimes you to be a Creature of sale.

Ma. Doe you knowe this house to be a place of such resort, and will come intoo't? I heare say you're of honourable parts, and are the Gouvernour of this place.

Li. Why, hath your principall made knowne vnto you who I am?

Ma. Who is my principall?

Li. Why, your hearbe-woman, she that sets seeds and rootes of shame and iniquitie.

O you haue heard something of my power, and so stand aloft for more serious wooing, but I protest to thee prettie one, my authoritie shall not see thee, or else looke friendly vpon thee, come bring me to some priuate place. Come, come.

Ma. If you were borne to honour, shew it now, if put vpon you, make the iudgement good, that thought you worthie of it.

Li. How's this? how's this? some more, be sage.

Ma. For me that am a maide, though most vngentle Fortune haue plac't mee in this Stie, where since I came, diseases haue becomē solde deerer then Phisicke, that the gods would set me free from this vnhalowed place, though they did chaunge mee to the meanest byrd that flies i'th purer ayre.

Li. I did not thinke thou couldst haue spoke so well, nere dromp't thou could'st, had I brought hither a corrupted minde, thy speecche had altered it, holde, heeres golde,

Riches Prince of Tyre.

golde for thee, perseuer in that cleare way thou goest and the gods strengthen thee.

Ma. The good Gods preserue you.

Li. For me be youtoughten, that I came with no ill intent, for to me the very dores and windows saue vjely, fare thee well, thou art a peece of vertue, & I doubt not but thy training hath bene noble, hold, heeres more golde for thee, a curse vpon him, die he like a theefe that robs thee of thy goodnes, if thou doest heare from me it shalbe for thy good.

Boul. I beseeche your Honor one peece for me.

Li. Auaunt thou damned dore-keeper, your house but for this virgin that doeth prop it, would sincke and ouerwhelme you. Away.

Boul. How's this? wee must take another course with you? if your peeuish chastitie, which is not worth a breakefast in the cheapest countrey vnder the coap, shall vndoe a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel, come your

Ma. Whither would you haue mee? (wayes.

Boul. I must haue your mayden-head taken off, or the cōmon hāg-man shal execute it, come your way, wee le haue no more Gentlemen driuen away, come your wayes I say.

Enter Bawdes.

Bawd. How now, what's the matter?

Bawd. Worse and worse misfortunes, shee has heere spoken holie words to the Lord *Lafinack us.*

Bawd. O abhominable.

Boul. He makes our profession as it were to sincke afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marie hang her vp for euer.

Boul. The Noble man would haue dealt with her like a Noble man, and shee sent him away as golde as a Snowball, saying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boults take her away, vse her at thy pleasure, crack the glasse of her virginitic, and make the rest malialle.

H

Boul.

Parish Priest of Tyne.

Bowl. And if shee were a thornyer peece of ground
then shee is, shee shall be plowed.

Ma. Harke, harke you Gods.

Bowl. She coniures, away with her, would she had ne-
uer come within my doores, Marrie hang you: shee's borne
to vndoe vs, will you not goe the way of women-kinde?
Marry come vp my dish of chastitie with rosemary & bays.

Bowl. Come mistris, come your way with mee.

Ma. Whither wilt thou haue mee?

Bowl. To take from you the Iewell you hold so deere.

Ma. Prithee tell mee one thing first.

Bowl. Come now your one thing.

Ma. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be.

Bowl. Why, I could wish him to bee my master, or ra-
ther my mistris.

Ma. Neither of these are so bad as thou art, since they
doe better thee in their command, thou hold'st a place for
which the painedst seende of hell would not in reputation
change: Thou art the damned doore-keeper to euery cu-
sterell that comes enquiring for his Tib. To the cholerike
sisting of euery rogue, thy care is lyable, thy foode is such
as hath bene belch't on by infected lungs.

Ba. What wold you haue me do? go to the wars, wold you?
wher a man may serue 7. yeers for the losse of a leg, & haue
~~not~~ money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Ma. Doe any thing but this thou dost, emptie olde re-
ceptacles, or common-shores of filthe, serue by indenture,
to the common hang-man, anie of these wayes are yet
better then this: for what thou professest, a Baboone could
he speak, wold owne a name too deere, that the gods wold
safely deliuer me from this place: here, heere gold for thee,
if that thy master would gaine by me, proclaime that I can
sing, weaue, sow, & dance, with other vertues, which I keepe
from boast, and will vndertake all these to teache. I doubt
not but this populous Cittie will yeelde manie schollers.

Bowl.

Pericles Princes of Tyre.

Boult. But can you teache all this you speake of?

Ma. Prooue that I cannot, take mee home againe,
And prostitute mee to the basest groome that doeth frequent your house.

Boult. Well I will see what I can doe for thee : if I can place thee I will.

Ma. But amongst honest woman.

Boult. Faith my acquaintance lies little amongst them,
But since my master and mistris hath bought you, theres
no going but by their consent : therefore I will make them
acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall
finde them tractable enough. Come, Ile doe for thee what
I can, come your wayes.

Exeunt.

Enter Gower.

Marina thus the Brothell scapes, and chaunces
Into an *Honell-house* our Storie sayes :
Shee sings like one immortall, and shee daunces
As Goddesse-like to her admired layes. (ses,
Deepe clearks shee dumb's, and with her neele compe-
Natures owne shape, of budde, bird, branche, or berry.
That euen her art sisters the naturall Roses
Her Inckle, Silke Twine, with the rubied Cherrie,
That puples lackes shee none of noble race,
Who powre their bountie on her : and her gaine
Shee giues the cursed Bawd, here wee her place,
And to hir Father turne our thoughts againe,
Where wee left him on the Sea, wee there him left,
Where driuen before the windes, hee is arriu'd
Heere where his daughter dwels, and on this coast,
Suppose him now at *Anchor* : the Citie striu'de
God *Neptunes* Annuall feast to keepe, from whence
Lysimachus our *Tyrian* Shippe espies,
His banners Sable, trim'd with rich expence,

H 2

And

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

And to him in his Barge with seruor hyes,
In your supposing once more put your sight,
Of heauy *Pericles*, thinke this his Barke :
Where what is done in action, more if might
Shalbe discouerd, please you sit and harke. *Exit.*

Enter Helicanus, to him 2. Saylers.

1. *Say.* Where is Lord *Helicanus*? hee can resolue you,
O here he is Sir, there is a barge put off from *Metaline*, and
in it is *Lyfismachus* the Gouvernour, who craues to come a-
boord, what is your will?

Helly. That hee haue his, call vp some Gentlemen.

2. *Say.* Ho Gentlemen, my Lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Doeth your Lordship call?

Helly. Gentlemen there is some of worth would come
aboord, I pray greet him fairely.

Enter Lyfismachus.

1. *Say.* Sir, this is the man that can in ought you would
resolue you.

Lyf. Hayle reuerent Syr, the Gods preferue you.

Helly. And you to out-live the age I am, and die as I
would doe.

Li. You wish mee well, beeing on shore, honoring of
Neptunes triumphs, seeing this goodly vessell ride before
vs, I made to it, to knowe of whence you are.

Helly. First what is your place?

Ly. I am the Gouvernour of this place you lie before.

Helly. Syr our vessell is of *Tyre*, in it the King, a man,
who for this three moneths hath not spoken to anie one,
nor taken sustenance, but to prorogue his grieve.

Li. Vpon what ground is his distemperature?

Helly. Twould be too tedious to repeat, but the mayne
grieve springs frō the losse of a beloued daughter & a wife.

Li. May wee not see him?

Helly.

Twelfth Night of 1790.

Hell. You may, but bootlesse. Is your sight, hge will not speake to any, yet let me obtaine my wish.

Lyf. Behold him, this was a goodly person.

Hell. Till the disaster that one mortall wight droue him to this.

Lyf. Sir King all haile, the Gods preserue you, haile royall sir.

Hell. It is in vaine, he will not speake to you.

Lord. Sir we haue a maid in *Metsline*, I durst wager would win some words of him.

Lyf. Tis well bethought, she questionlesse with her sweet harmonie, and other chosen attractions, would allure and make a battrie through his defend parts, which now are midway stop, shee is all happie as the fairest of all, and her fellow maides, now vpon the leaue shelter that abuts against the Islands side.

Hell. Sure all effectlesse, yet nothing weele omit that beares recoueries name. But since your kindnesse wee haue stretcht thus farre, let vs beseech you, that for our golde we may prouision haue, wherein we are not destitute for want, but wearie for the stakenesse.

Lyf. O sir, a curtesie, which if we should denie, the most iust God for euery grasse would send a Caterpillar, and so inflict our Prouince: yet once more let mee intreate to knowe at large the cause of your kings sorrow.

Hell. Sit sir, I will recount it to you, but see. I am pre-
uented.

Lyf. O hee's the Ladie that I sent for,
Welcome faire one, ist not a goodly present?

Hell. Shee's a gallant Ladie.

Lyf. Shee's such a one, that were I well aturde
Came of a gentle kinde, and noble stocke, I do wish
No better choise, and thinke me rarely towed,
Fairst on all goodnesse that consists in beaurtie;
Expect euen here, where is a kingly patient,

Pericles Prince of Tyre

If that thy prosperous and artificiall fate,
Can draw him but to answere thee in ought,
Thy sacred Physicke shall receiue such pay,
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir I will vse my vtmost skill in his recouerie, provided that none but I and my companion maid be suffered to come neere him.

Lys. Come, let vs leaue her, and the Gods make her prosperous.

The Song.

Lys. Marke he your Musicke?

Mar. No nor lookt on vs.

Lys. See she will speake to him.

Mar. Haile sir, my Lord lend eare.

Per. Hum, ha.

Mar. I am a maid, my Lorde, that nere before inuited eyes, but haue beene gazed on like a Comet: She speaks my Lord, that may be, hath endured a grieke might equall yours, if both were iustly wayde, though wayward fortune did maligne my state, my deriuation was from ancestors, who stood equiuolent with mightie Kings, but time hath rooted out my parentage, and to the world, and augward casualties, bound me in seruitude, I will desist, but there is something glowes vpon my check, and whispers in mine eare, go not till he speake.

Per. My fortunes, parentage, good parentage, to equall mine, was it not thus, what say you?

Mar. I sed my Lord, if you did know my parentage, you would not do me violence.

Per. I do thinke so, pray you turne your eyes vpon me, your like something that, what Countrey women beare of these shewes?

Mar. No, nor of any shewes, yet I was mortally brought forth, and am no other then I appeare.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliuer weeping: my dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one my daughter

tes

Philis's Speech of 1. act.

ter might haue beene : My Queenes square Browes, her stature to an inch , as wandlike-straight, as silver voyst, her eyes as Jewell-like, and caste as richly, in pace another *Iuno*. Who starues the eares shee feedes, and makes them hungrie, the more she giues them speech, Where doe you liue?

Mar. Where I am but a straunger from the decke , you may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred? and howatchie'd you these indowments which you make more rich to owe?

Mar. If I should tell my hy storie, it would seeme like lies disdaind in the reporting.

Per. Prethee speake, falsenefse cannot come from thee, for thou lookest modest as iustice, & thou seemest a *Pallas* for the crownd truth to dwell in, I will beleue thee & make senses credit thy relation, to points that seeme impossible, for thou lookest like one I loued indeede : what were thy friends? didst thou not stay when I did push thee backe, which was when I perceiu'd thee that thou camst from good discending.

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage, I think thou saidst thou hadst beene toft from wrong to iniurie , and that thou thoughts thy griefs might equall mine, if both were opened.

Mar. Some such thing I sed, and sed no more, but what my thoughts did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy storie, if thine considered proue the thousand part of my enduraunce, thou art a man, and I haue suffered like a girle, yet thou doest looke like patience, gazing on Kings graues, and smiling extremitie out of act , what were thy friends? howe lost thou thy name, my most kinde Virgin? recount I doe beseech thee, Come sit by mee.

Mar. My name is *Marina*.

Per. Oh I am mockt, and thou by some infenced God sent hither to make the world to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience

Pericles Prince of Tyre

Mar. Patience good sir: here Ile cease.

Per. Nay Ile be patient: thou little knowst howe thou doest startle me to call thy selfe *Marina*.

Mar. The name was giuen mee by one that had some power, my father, and a King.

Per. How, a Kings daughter, and cald *Marina*?

Mar. You say you would belecue me, but not to bee a troubler of your peace, I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and bloud?

Haue you a working pulse, and are no Fairie?

Motion well, speake on, where were you borne?

And wherefore calld *Marina*?

Mar. Calld *Marina*, for I was borne at sea.

Pl. At sea, what mother?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a King, who died the minute I was borne, as my good Nurse *Lichas*, hath oft deliuered weeping.

Per. O stop there a little, this is the rarest dreame That ere dild sleepe did mocke sad soyles withall, This cannot be my daughter, buried, well, where were you bred? Ile heare you more too'th bottome of your story, and neuer interrupt you.

Mar. You scorne, beleue me twere best I did giue ore.

Per. I will beleue you by the syllable of what you shall deliuer, yet giue me leaue, how came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The King my father did in *Thar*, he leaued me, Till croct *Cleon* with his wicked wife,

Did seeke to murther me: and hauing wooed a villaine,

To attempt it, who hauing drawne to doo't,

A crew of Pirates came and rescu'd me,

Brought me to *Metaline*,

But good sir whither wil you haue me? why doe you weep?

It may be you thinke mee an imposture, no good sayth: I am the daughter to King *Pericles*, if good King *Pericles* be.

Hec

Hell. Hoc, *Hellicanus?*

Hel. Calls my Lord.

Per. Thou art a graue and noble Counsellor,
Most wise in generall, tell me if thou canst, what this mayde
is, or what is like to bee, that thus hath made mee
weepe.

Hel. I know not, but heres the Regent sir of *Metaline*,
speakes nobly of her.

Lys. She neuer would tell her parentage,
Being demaunded, that she would sit still and weepe.

Per. Oh *Hellicanus*, strike me honored sir, giue mee a
gash, put me to present paine, least this great sea of ioyes ru-
shing vpon me, ore-bear the shores of my mortalitie, and
drowne me with their sweetnesse: Oh come hither,
thou that begetst him that did thee beget,
Thou that wast borne at sea, buried at *Tharsus*,
And found at sea agen, O *Hellicanus*,
Downe on thy knees, thanke the holie Gods as loud
As thunder threatens vs, this is *Marina*.
What was thy mothers name? tell me, but that
for truth can neuer be confirm'd inough,
Though doubts did euer sleepe.

Mar. Frift sir, I pray what is your title?

Per. I am *Pericles of Tyre*, but tell mee now my
Drownd Queenes name, as in the rest you sayd,
Thou hast beene God-like perfit, the heir of kingdomes,
And an other like to *Pericles* thy father.

Ma. Is it no more to be your daughter, then to say, my
mothers name was *Thaisa*, *Thaisa* was my mother, who did
end the minute I began.

Pe. Now blessing on thee, rise th'art my child.
Giue me fresh garments, mine owne *Hellicanus*, shee is not
dead at *Tharsus* as shee should haue beene by sauage *Chon*,
she shall tell thee all, when thou shalt kneele, and iustifie in
knowledge, she is thy verie Princes, who is this?

Parick Prince of Tyre.

Hel. Sir, tis the gouernor of *Metaline*, who hearing of your melancholie state, did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you, giue me my robes.
I am wilde in my beholding, O heauens bleſſe my girle,
But harke what Musicke tell, *Helicauns* my *Marina*,
Tell him ore point by point, for yet he ſeemes to doat.
How ſure you are my daughter, but what muſicke?

Hel. My Lord I heare none.

Per. None, the Musicke of the *Spheres*, liſt my *Marina*.

Lyf. It is not good to croſſe him, giue him way.

Per. Rareſt ſounds, do ye not heare?

Lyf. Muſicke my Lord? I heare.

Per. Moſt heauenly Muſicke.

It nips me vnto liſtning, and thicke ſlumber
Hangs vpon mine eyes, let me reſt.

Lyf. A Pillow for his head, ſo leaue him all.
Will my companion friends, if this but anſwere to my iuſt
beliefe, Ile well remember you.

Diana.

Dia. My Temple ſtands in *Ephesus*,
Hie thee thither, and doe vppon mine Altar ſacrifice,
There when my maiden prieſts are met together before the
people all, reueale how thou at ſea didſt looſe thy wife, to
mourne thy croſſes with thy daughters, call, & giue them
repetition to the like, or performe my bidding, or thou li-
ueſt in woe: doo't, and happie, by my ſiluer bow, awake and
tell thy dreame.

Per. Celeftiall *Dian*, Goddeſſe *Argentine*,
I will obey thee *Helicauns*. *Hell.* Sir.

Per. My purpoſe was for *Tharſus*, there to ſtrike,
The inhospitable *Cleon*, but I am for other ſeruiſe firſt,
Toward *Ephesus* turne our blowne ſayles,
Eſtſoones Ile tell thee why, ſhall we reſreſh vs fir vpon your
ſhore, and giue you golde for ſuch prouiſion as our in-
tents will neede.

Lyf. Sir,

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Lys. Sir, with all my heart, and when you come a shore,
I haue another sleight.

Per. You shall preuaile were it to wooe my daughter, for
it seemes you haue beene noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend me your arme.

Per. Come my *Marina*.

Exeunt.

Genet. Now our sands are almost run,
More a little, and then dum.
This my last boone giue mee,
For such kindnesse must relieue mee:
That you aptly will suppose,
What pageantry, what feats, what shewes,
What minstrelsic, and prettie din,
The Regent made in *Metalin*.
To greet the King, so he thriued,
That he is promise to be wiued
To faire *Marina*, but in no wise,
Till he had done his sacrifice.
As *Dian* bad, whereto being bound,
The *Interim* pray, you all confound.
In fetherd briefenes sayles are fild,
And wishes fall out as they'r wild,
At *Ephesus* the Temple see,
Our King and all his companie.
That he can hither come so soone,
Is by your fancies thankfull doorte.
Per. Haile *Dian*, to performe thy iust commaund,
I here confesse my selfe the King of *Tyre*,
Who frighted from my countrey did wed at *Pentapolis*, the
faire *Thaisa*, at Sea in childbed died she, but brought forth a
Mayd child caild *Marina*. whom O Goddesse wears yet thy
siluer livery, shee at *Tharsus* was nursht with *Chion*, who at
fourteene yeares he sought to murder, but her better Stars
brought

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

brought her to *Metele*, gainst whose shore ryding, her
Fortunes brought the mayde aboard vs, where by her
owne most cleere remembrance, shee made knowne her
selfe my Daughter.

Th. Voyce and fauour, you are, you are, O royall
Pericles.

Per. What meanes the mum? shee die's, helpe Gen-
tlemen.

Cer. Noble Sir, if you haue tolde *Dianes* Altar
true, this is your wife?

Per. Reuerent appearer no, I threwe her ouer-board
with these verie armes.

Ce. Vpon this coast, I warrant you.

Pe. Tis most certaine.

Cer. Looke to the Ladie, O shee's but ouer-joyde,
Earlie in blustering morne this Ladie was throwne vpon
this shore.

I op't the coffin, found there rich Iewells, recou-
red her, and plac'te her heere in *Dianes* temple.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great Sir, they shalbe brought you to my house,
whither I inuite you, looke *Thaisa* is recouered.

Th. O let me looke if hee be none of mine, my fan-
tittie will to my sense bende no licentious care, but curbe
it spight of seeing: O my Lord are you not *Pericles*? like
him you spake, like him you are, did you not name a tem-
pest, a birth, and death?

Per. The voyce of dead *Thaisa*.

Th. That *Thaisa* am I, supposed dead and drown'd.

Per. I mortall *Dian*.

Th. Now I knowe you better, when wee with teares
parted *Pentapolis*, the king my father gaue you such a ring.

Per. This, this, no more, you gods, your present kind-
nes makes my past miseries sports, you shall doe well that
on the touching of her lips I may melt, and no more be
feard,

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

scene, O come, be buried a second time within these armes.

Alc. My heart leaps to be gone into my mothers bosome.

Per. Looke who kneeles here, flesh of thy flesh *Thaisa*, thy burden at the Sea, and call'd *Marina*, for she was ycelled there;

Th. Blest, and mine owne.

Hel. Hayle Madame, and my Queene.

Th. I knowe you not.

Hel. You haue heard mee say when I did flie from *Tyre*, I left behind an ancient substitute, can you remember what I call'd the man, I haue nam'de him oft.

Th. 'Twas *Helicanus* then.

Per. Still confirmation, imbrace him deere *Thaisa*, this is hee, now doe I long to heare how you were found? how possible prelerued? and who to thanke (besides the gods) for this great miracle?

Th. Lord *Cerimon*, my Lord, this man through whom the Gods haue showne their power, that can from first to last resolue you.

Per. Reuerent Syr, the gods can haue no mortall officer more like a god then you, will you deliuer how this dead Queene reliues?

Cer. I will my Lord, beseech you first, goe with mee to my house, where shall be showne you all was found with her. How shee came plac'de heere in the Temple, no needfull thing omitted.

Per. Pure *Dian* blisse thee for thy vision, and will offer night oblations to thee *Thaisa*, this Prince, the faire betrothed of your daughter, shall marrie her at *Pentapolis*, and now this ornament makes mee looke dismall, will I clip to forme, and what this fourteene yeeres no razer touch't, to grace thy marridge-day, Ile beautifie.

Th. Lord *Cerimon* hath letters of good credit. Sir, my father's dead.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Per. Heavens make a Starre of him, yet there my
Queene, wee'll celebrate their Nuptials, and our selues
will in that kingdome spend our following daies, our sonne
and daughter shall in *Tyre* raigne.

Lord Cerimon wee doe our longing stay,
To heare the rest vntolde, *Sir* lead's the way.

FINIS.

Gower.

In *Antiochus* and his daughter you have heard
Of monstrous lust, the due and iust reward:
In *Pericles* his Queene and Daughter scene,
Although assay'de with *Fortune* fierce and keene.
Vertue preferd from fell destructions blast,
Lead on by heauen, and crown'd with ioy at last.

In *Helycanus* may you well descrie,
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyaltie:
In reuerend *Cerimon* there well appeares,
The worth that learned charitie aye weares.

For wicked *Cleon* and his wife, when Fame
Had spread his cursed deede, the honor'd name
Of *Pericles*, to rage the Cittie turne,
That him and his they in his Pallace burne:
The gods for murder seemde so content,
To punish, although not done, but meant.
So on your Patience euermore attending,
New ioy wayte on you, heere our play has ending.

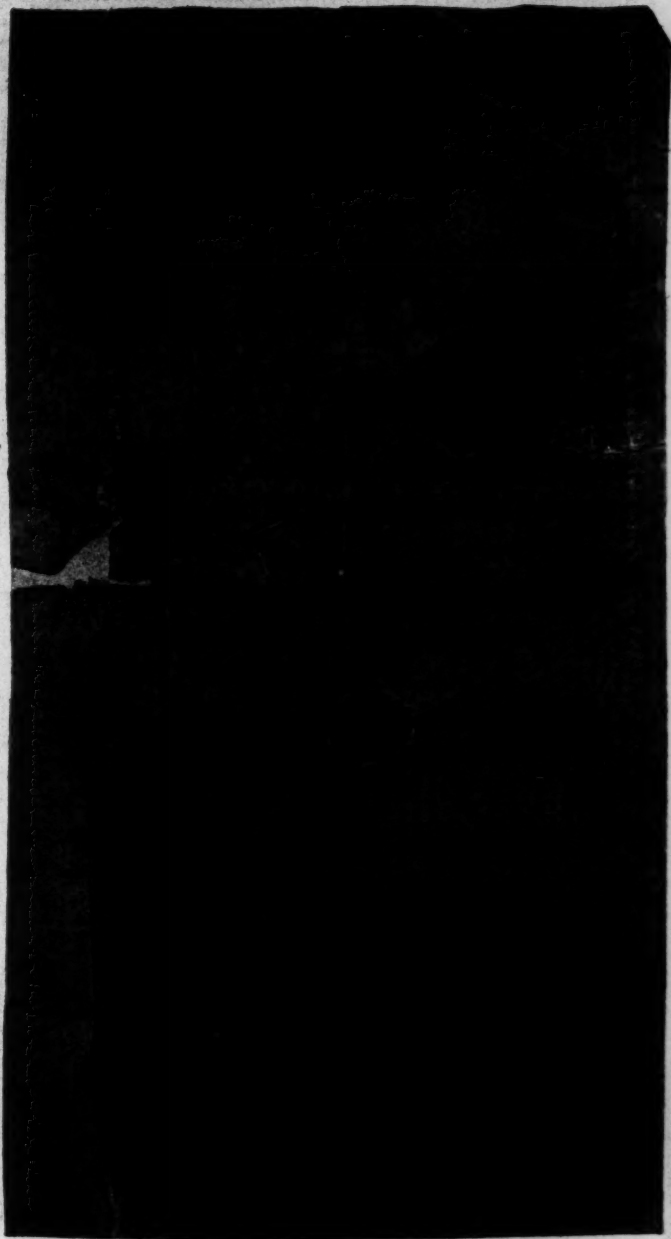
FINIS.

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Shakespeare. (W.)
h

C.12. h.5



Vllp 34e

The Play of

At that, would make me glad
King. Yea Mistris, are you so peremptorie?
 I am glad on't with all my heart,
 He tame you; He bring you in subiection.
 Will you not, having my consent,
 Bestow your loue and your affections,
 Vpon a Stranger? who for ought I know,
 May be (nor can I thinke the contrary)
 As great in blood as I my selfe:
 Therefore, heare you Mistris, either frame
 Your will to mine: and you sir, heare you,
 Either be rul'd by mee, or he make you
 Man and wife: nay come, your hands
 And lippes must feele it too: and being ioyn'd,
 He thus your hopes destroy, and for further griefe
 God giue you ioy: what are you both pleased

Tha. Yes, if you loue me sir?

Pari. Euen as my life, my blood that folloes it.

King. What are you both agreed?

Ambo. Yes, ift please your Maiestie.

King. It please me so well, that I will see you wed,
 And then with what haste you can, get you to bed.

Enter Gower.

Now sleepe y slack'd hath the rout,
 No din but snores about the house,
 Made louder by the orested breast,
 Of this most pompous marriage Feast:
 The Catte with cyne of burning cole;
 Now couthes from the Mouses hole;
 And Cricket sing at the Queens mouth;
 Are the blyther for their drouth:
 Hy-men hath brought the Bride to bed,
 Whereby the losse of maydenhead,
 A Babe is moulded: heartnt.

Pericles Prince of Tyre

And Time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly each,
What's dumbe in shew, I'll plane with speech.

*Enter Pericles and Symonides at one doore with attendants,
a Messenger meets them, kneels and gives Pericles a letter,
Pericles shewes it Symonides, the Lords kneels to him,
then enter Thaisa with child, with Lichorida a nurse,
the King shewes her the letter, she weepes & she and Pericles
take leave of her father, and depart.*

By many a dearne and painefull pearle
Of *Pericles* the carefull search,
By the fower opposing Crimes,
Which the world together ioynes,
Is made with all due diligence,
That horse and fayle and his expence,
Can steed the quest at last from *Tyre*
Fame answering the most strange enquire,
To th Court of King *Symonides*,
Are Letters brought, the tenour these:
Antiochus and his daughter dead,
The men of *Tyre*, on the head
Of *Helicane* would set on
The Crowne of *Tyre*, but he will none
The mutanie, hee there hastes & oppresse,
Sayer to'em, if King *Pericles*
Come not home in twise fixe Moones,
He obedient to their doomes,
Will take the Crowne & the summe of this,
Brought hither to *Penelope*,
Irayned the regions round,
And every one with claps can sound,
Our heyre apparance is a King:
Who dreamt who thought of such a thing?
Briefe, he must hence depart to *Tyre*,
His Queene with child, makes her desire,

E.

Which

The Play of

Which who shall crosse along to goe,
Omit we all their dole and woe:
Lychorida her Nurse she takes,
And so to Sea; their vessell shakes,
On *Neptunes* billow, halfe the flood,
Hath their Keele cut: but fortune mou'd,
Varies againe, the gristed North
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That as a Ducke for life that diues,
So vp and downe the poore Ship drives:
The Lady shriekes, and wel-a-neare,
Do's fall in trauayle with her feare:
And what ensues in this fell storme,
Shall for it selfe, it selfe performe:
I will relate, action may
Conueniently the rest conuay;
Which might not: what by me is told,
In your imagination hold:
This Stage, the Ship, vpon whose Decke
The seas tost *Pericles* appears to speake.

Enter Pericles a Shipboard.

Peri. The God of this great Vast, rebuke these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell, and thou that hast
Vpon the Windes commaund, bind them in Brasse,
Hauing call'd them from the deepe, & still
Thy deafning dreadfull thunders, gently quench
Thy nimble sulphurous flashes: & How *Lychorida*!
How does my Queene? then storme venomously,
Wilt thou speake all thy selfe? the sea-mans Whistle
Is as a whisper in the eares of death,
Vnheard *Lychorida*! *Lucina*, oh!
Diuinest patronesse, and my wife gentle
To those that cry by night, conuey thy deitie
Aboard our dauncing Boat, make swift the pangues
Of my Queenes trauayles: now *Lychorida*!

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Enter Lychorida.

Lychor. Heere is a thing too young for such a place,
Who if it had conceit, would die, as I am like to doe:
Take in your armes this peece of your dead Queene.

Peri. How? how *Lychorida*?

Lychor. Patience (good fir) do not assise the storme,
Heere's all that is left liuing of your Queene;
A litle Daughter: for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you Gods?

Why do you make vs loue your goodly gyfts,
And snatch them straight away? we heere below,
Recall not what we giue, and therein may
Vse honour with you.

Lychor. Patience (good fir) euen for this charge.

Per. Now mylde may be thy life,
For a more blusterous birth had neuer Babes
Quiet and gentle thy conditions; for
Thou art the rudelyest welcome to this world,
That euer was Princes Child: happy what followes,
Thou hast as chiding a natiuitie,
As Fire, Ayre, Water, Earth, and Heauen can make,
To harould thee from the wombe:
Euen at the first, thy losse is more then can
Thy portage quit, with all thou canst find heere:
Now the good Gods throw their best eyes vpon't.

Enter two Sayers.

1. Sayl. What courage fir? God saue you.

Per. Courage enough, I do not feare the flaw,
It hath done to me the worst: yet for the lone
Of this poore Infant, this fresh new sea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.

1. Sayl. Slacke the bolins there, thou wilt not wilt thou?
Blow and split thy selfe.

2. Sayl. But Sea-roome, and the brine and cloudy billow
Kisse the Moone, I care not.

E 2.

1. Sayl. Sir

The Play of

1. Sir your Queene must ouer board, the sea workes hie,
The Wind is lowd, and will not lie till the Ship
Be cleard of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

1. Pardon vs, sir; with vs at Sea it hath bin still obserued.
And we are strong in easterne, therefore briefly yeeld'er,

Per. As you thinke meet, for she must ouer board straight.
Most wretched Queene.

Lychur. Heere shelyes fir.

Peri. A terrible Child-bed hast thou had (my deare,

No light, no fire, th'vnfriendly elements,

Forgot thee vtterly, nor haue I time

To giue thee hallowd to thy graue, but straight;

Must cast thee scarcely Coffind, in oare,

Where for a monument vpon thy bones,

The ayre remayning lampes, the belching Whale

And humming Water must orewhelme thy corpes,

Lying with simple shels: *ô Lychurida,*

Bid *Nessor* bring me Spices, Incke, and Taper,

My Casket, and my Jewels; and bid *Nicander.*

Bring me the Sattin Coffin: lay the Babe

Vpon the Pillow; hie thee whiles I say

A priestly farewell to her: sodainely, woman.

2. Sir, we haue a Chist beneath the hatches,

Caulkt and bittumed ready.

Peri. I thanke thee: Mariner say, what Coast is this?

2. Wee are neere *Tharsus*.

Peri. Thither gentle Mariner,

Alter thy course for *Tyre*: When canst thou reach it?

2. By breake of day, if the Wind cease.

Peri. O make for *Tharsus*,

There will I visit *Cleon*, for the Babe

Cannot hold out to *Tyrus*; there Ile leaue it

At carefull nursing: goe thy wayes good Mariner,

Ile bring the body presently.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Enter Lord Ceryman with a servant.

Cery. Physicmen, hie.

Enter Physicmen.

Phyl. Doth my Lord call?

*Cery. Get Fire and meat for these poore men,
T'as been a turbulent and stormie night.*

*Serv. I haue been in many, but such a night as this,
Till now, I neare endured.*

*Cery. Your Maister will be dead ere you returne,
There's nothing can be ministred to Nature,
That can recover him: giue this to the Pothecary,
And tell me how it workes.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. Gent. Good morrow.

2. Gent. Good morrow to your Lordship,

Cery. Gentlemen, why doe you stirre so early?

*1. Gent. Sir, our lodgings standing bleake vpon the sea,
Shooke as the earth did quake:
The very principals did seeme to rend and all to topple:
Pure surprize and feare, made me to quite the house.*

*2. Gent. That is the cause we trouble you so early,
T'is not our husbandry.*

Cery. O you say well.

*1. Gent. But I much maruaile that your Lordship,
Hauing rich tye about you, should at these early howers,
Shake off the golden slumber of repose; tis most strange
Nature should be so conuersant with Paine,
Being thereto not compelled.*

*Cery. I hold it euer Vertue and Cunning,
Were endowments greater, then Noblenesse & Riches;
Carelesse Heyres, may the two latter darken and expend;
But Immortalitie attendes the former,
Making a man a god.*

*T'is knowne, I euer haue studied Physicke:
Through which secret Art, by turning ore Authorities,*

The Play of

I haue together with my practise, made familiar,
To me and to my ayde, the blest infusions that dwells
In Vegetiues, in Mettals, Stones: and can speake of the
Disturbances that Nature works, and of her cures;
which doth giue me a more content in course of true delight
Then to be thirsty after tottering honour, or
Tie my pleasure vp in silken Bagges,
To please the Foole and Death.

2. Gent. Your honour has through *Ephesus*,
Poured forth your charitie, and hundreds call themselves,
Your Creatures; who by you, haue been restored;
And not your knowledge, your personall payne,
But euen your Purse still open, hath built Lord *Cerimon*,
Such strong renowne, as time shall neuer.

Enter two or three with a Chist.

Seru. So, lift there.

Cer. What's that?

Ser. Sir, euen now did the sea trosse vp vpon our shore
This Chist; tis of some wracke.

Cer. Set't downe, let's looke vpon't.

2. Gent. T'is like a Coffin, sir.

Cer. What ere it be, t'is woondrous heauie,
Wrench it open straight:

If the Seas stomacke be orecharg'd with Gold,
T'is a good constraint of Fortune it belches vpon vs.

2. Gent. T'is so, my Lord.

Cer. How close tis caulkt & bottomed, did the sea cast it vp?

Ser. I neuer saw so huge a billow sir, as tost it vpon shore.

Cer. Wrench it open soft, it smells most sweetly in my nose.

2. Gent. A delicate Odour.

Cer. As euer hit my nostrill: so, vp with it.

O you most potent Gods! what's here, a Corset

2. Gent. Most strange.

Cer. Shrowded in Cloth of state, balmed and entreaured
with full bagges of Spices, a Passport to *Apollo*, perfect mee
in the Characters:

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Here I give to understand,

If ere this Coffin drives a land;

I King Pericles hime lost

This Queene, worth all our mundaine soft:

Who finds her, give her burying,

She was the Daughter of a King:

Besides, this Treasure for a fee,

The Gods requit his charitie.

If thou liuest *Pericles*, thou hast a heart,
That euer craeks for woe, this chaunc'd to night.

2. Gent. Most likely fir.

1. r. Nay certainly to night, for looke how fresh she looks
They were too rough, that threw her in the sea.
Make a Fire within, fetch hither all my Boxes in my Closet,
Death may vsurpe on Nature many howers, and yet
The fire of life kindele againe the ore-prest spirits:
I heard of an *Egyptian* that had 9. howers lien dead,
Who was by good applyaunce recouered.

Enter one with Napkins and Fire.

Well sayd, well sayd; the fire and clothes: the rough and
Wofull Musick that we haue, cause it to sound besetch you
The Viell once more, how thou stirr'st thou blocke?
The Musicke there: I pray you giue her ayre:
Gentlemen, this Queene will liue,
Nature awakes a warmth breath out of her,
She hath not been entranc't aboue fise howers:
See how she ginnes to blow into lifes flower againe.

1. Gent. The Heauens, through you, encrease our wonder,
And sets vp your fame for euer.

Cor. She is alieue, behold her ey-lids

Cases to those heauenly iewels which *Pericles* hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold,
The Diamonds of a most praysed water doth appeare,
To make the world twise rich, liue, and make vs weepe.
To heare your fate, faire creature, rare as you seeme to bee.

Shee moues.

Thai. O deare *Diana*, where am I: where's my Lord?

Whan

The Play of

What world is this?

2. *Gent.* Is not this strange?

1. *Gent.* Most rare.

Ceri. Hush (my gentle neighbours) lend me your hands,
To the next Chamber beare her : get linnen:
Now this matter must be lookt to for her relapse
Is mortall : come, come, and *Esculapius* guide vs.

They carry her away. Exitus omnes.

Enter Pericles, Atharbus, with Cleon and Dionisa.

Per. Most honor'd *Cleon*, I must needs be gone, my twelue
months are expir'd, and *Tyrus* standes in a rigorous peace:
You and your Lady take from my heart all thankfulness,
The Gods make vp therest vpon you.

Cle. Your shakes of fortune, though they hant you more,
Yet glaunce full wondringly on vs.

D. O your sweet Queene, that the strict fates had pleas'd,
you had brought her hither to haue blessing mine eyes with her.

Per. We cannot but obey the powers about vs,
Could I rage and rore as doth the sea she lies in,
Yet the end must be as tis : my gentle babe *Martina*,
Whom, for she was borne at sea, I haue named so,
Here I charge your charitie withall; leauing her
The infant of your care, beseeching you to giue her
Princely training, that she may be maner'd as she is borne.

Cle. Feare not (my Lord) but thinke your Grace,
That fed my Countrie with your Cornes, for which,
The peoples prayers still fall vpon you, must in your child
Be thought on, if neglection should therein make me vile;
The common body by you relieu'd,
Would force me to my duety : but if to that,
My nature neede a spurre, the Gods reuenge it
Vpon me and mine, to the end of generation.

Per. I belecue you, your honour and your goodnes,
Teach me too't without your vowe, till she be married,
Madame by bright *Diana*, whom we honour,
All vnflisterd shall this heyre of mine remayne,
Though I shew will in't; so I take my leaue :
Good Madame, make me blessed in your care
In bringing vp my Child.

Cer. I

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Dion. I haue one my selfe, who shall not be more deere to my respect then yours, my Lord.

Peri. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cler. Weel bring your Grace ene to the edge ash shore, then giue you vp to the mask'd *Nephtis*, and the gentlest winds of heauen.

Peri. I will imbrace your offer, come deere Madam, O no teares *Licherida*, no teares, looke to your little Mistis, on whose grace you may depend hereafter: come my Lord.

Enter Cerimon, and Thaisa.

Cer. Madam, this Letter, and some certaine Jewels, Lay with you in your Coffer, which are in your command: Know you the Character?

Tha. It is my Lords, that I was inpt at, I can well remember, euen on my learning time, but whether there deliuered, by the holie gods I cannot rightly say: but since King *Pericles* my wedded Lord, I here shall see againe, a vassall liuerie will I take me to, and neuer more in the loy.

Cler. Madam, if this your purpose as ye speake, *Dianes* Temple is not distant farre, Where you may abide till your date expire, Moreover if you please a Neece of mine, Shall there attend you.

Tha. My recompence is thanks; than all, Yet my good will is great, though the gift small. *Exit.*

End of the first Act.

Imagine *Pericles* arriv'd at *Tyre*,
Welcom'd and settled to his owne denar,
His wofull Queene we leaue we *Tyre*,
Vnto *Dion* ther's a Votarie.

Now

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Now to *Marina* bend your mind,
Whom our fast growing scene must finde
At *Tharsus*, and by *Cleon* traind
In Musicks letters, who hath gaine
Of education all the grace,
Which makes hie both the art and place
Of generall wonder: but alacke
That monster Enie of the wracke
Of earned praise, *Marina* life
Seeke to take off by treasons knife,
And in this kinde, our *Cleon* hath
One daughter and a full growne wench,
Euen right for marriage sight: this Maid
Hight *Philothen*: and it is said
For certaine in our storie, shee
Would euer with *Marina* bee.
Beet when they weaude the sleded silke,
With fingers long, small, white as milke,
Or when she would with sharpe needle wound,
The Cambricke which she made more sound
By hurting it or when too th Lute
She sung, and made the night bed mute,
That still records with mone, or when
She would with rich and constant pen,
Vaile to her Mistresse *Dian* still,
This *Phyloten* contends in skill
With absolute *Marina*: so
The Doue of *Paphos* might with the crow
Vie feathers white, *Marina* gets
All prayes, which are paid as debts,
And not as giuen, this so darke
In *Phyloten* all gracefull markes,
That *Cleon* wife with Enie rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good *Marina*, that her daughter

Might

Pericles Subject of Time.

Slight hand peccable by this slaughter,
The sooner her vile thoughts to bleed;
Lachrides our nurse is dead,
And cursed *Diemica* hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath,
Prest for this blow the vnborne euent,
I doe commend to your content,
Onely I carried winged Time,
Post one the lame feet of my riddle,
Which neuer could I so conuey,
Vnlesse your thoughts went on my way,
Diemica does appeare,
With *Lemina* a murderess. *Exit.*

Enter Diemica, with Lemina.

Diem. Thy oath remember, thou hast sworn to doo't,
tis but a blowe which neuer shall be knowne, thou
canst not doe a thing in the world so soone to yelde
thee so much profite: let not conscience which is but
cold, in flanning, thy loue bosome, enflame too nicelie,
nor let pittie which euen women haue cast off, melt thee,
but be a souldier to thy purpose.

Lem. I will doo't, but yet she is a goodly creature.

Diem. The fitter then the Gods should haue her.
Here she comes weeping for her onely Mistresse death,
Thou art resolute.

Lem. I am resolute.

Enter Marina with a Basket of flowers.

Mar. No: I will rob *Tellus* of her weede to strowe
thy Greene with Flowers, the yellows, blewes, the purple
Violets, and Marigolds, shall as a Carpet hang vpon thy
grave, while Sommer dayes doth last: Aye me poore maide,

693 F 3 borne

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

borne in a tempest, when my mother did, this world to me
is a lasting storme, whirling me from my friends.

Dion. How now *Marina*, why dost you keep alone?

How chauce my daughter is not with you?

Doe not consume your blood with sorrowing.

Haue you a nurse of me? Lord how your fauours

Changd with this vnprofitable wo.

Come giue me your flowers, ere the frost marre it.

Walke with *Leonine*, the sycke is quicke there.

And it perces and sharpene the stomacke.

Come *Leonine* take her by the arme, walke with her.

Mari. No I pray you, Ile not becaue you of your seruice.

Dion. Come, come, I loue the king your father, and your
selfe, with more then forraine heart, wee euery day expect
him here, when he shall come and find our Paragon to all
reports thus blasted.

He will repent the breadth of his great voyage, blame both
my Lord and me, that we haue taken no care to your best
cours'es, go I pray you walke and be cheerefull once againe,
reliefe that excellent complexion, which did steale the
eyes of yong and old, Care not for me, I can goe home a
lone.

Mari. Well, I will goe, but yet I haue no desire too.

Dion. Come, come, I know tis good for you, walke halfe
an houre *Leonine* at the least, remember what I haue sed.

Leon. I warrant you Madam.

Dion. Ile leaue you my sweete Ladie, for a while, pray
walke softly, doe not heate your blood, what I must haue
care of you.

Mari. My thanks sweete Madam, Is this wind Westerlie
that blowes?

Leon. Southwest.

Mari. When I was borne the wind was North.

Leon. Wait for.

Mari. My father as nurse les, did neuer feare, but cryed

good

Parable of the Ship

good sea-mento the Saylers, galling his kindly hande hal-
ling ropes, and clasping to the Mast, endured a sea that al-
most burst the decke.

Leon. When was this?

Mari. When I was borne, neuer was waues nor winde
more violent, and from the ladder tackle, waftes off a car-
uas clyster, he leane, walt out hand with a dropping in
dustie they slip from sterne to sterne, the Boatswain
whistles, and the Maister calls and crieth death in confusion.

Leon. Come say your prayers.

Mari. What meane you?

Leon. If you require a litle space for prayer, I graunt it,
pray, but bee not tedious, for the Gods are quicke of care,
and I am sworne to do my worke with haste.

Mari. Why will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfie my Ladie.

Mari. Why would thee haue mee kild now? as I can re-
member by my troth, I neuer did her hurt in all my life, I
neuer spake bad worde, nor did ill turne to anie liuing crea-
ture: Beloeue me law, I neuer killd a Mouſe, nor hurt a Fly:
I trode vpon a worme against my will, but I wept for it. How
haue I offended, wherein my death might yeeld her anie
profit, or my life imply her any danger?

Leon. My Commission is not to reason of the deed, but
doe it.

Mari. You will not doe't for all the world I hope: you
are well fauoured, and your lookes for they you haue a
gentle heart. I saw you larelie when you caught hurt in par-
ting two that fought: good sooth it shewde well in you, do
so now, your Ladie seekes my life. Come, you betwene, and
sane poore mee the weaker.

Leon. I am sworne and will dispatch.

Enter Pirates.

Pirate 1. Hold villaine.

Pirate 2. A prize, a prize.

Pirate 3. Halfe part mates, halfe part. Come lets haue
her

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

her aboard sodainly.

Exit.

Enter Leonine.

Leon. These roguing cheecus serue the great Pyrate
Valdes, and they haue seized *Mariina*, let her goe, ther's no
hope shee will returne, Ile sweare shees dead, and throwne
into the Sea, but I see further: perhappes they will but
please themselves vpon her, not carrie her aboard, if shee
remaine

Whome they haue rauisht, must by mee be slaine.

Exit.

Enter the three Bandets.

Pander. Bont.

Bont. Sir.

Pander. Search the market narrowly, *Mariina* is
full of gallants, wee lost too much much money this morn
by being too wenchlike.

Band. Wee were neuer so much out of Crogures, we
haue but poore three, and they can doe no more then they
can doe, and they with continuall action, are euen as good
as rotten.

Pander. Therefore lets haue fresh ones what ere wee pay
for them, if there bee not a conscience to be vsde in cuerie
trade, wee shall neuer prosper.

Band. Thou sayst true, tis not our bringing vp of poore
bastards, as I thinke, I haue brought vp some eleuen.

Bont. I to eleuen, and brought them downe againe,
but shall I search the market?

Band. What else man? the stiffe we haue, a strong
winde will blowe it to peeces, they are so pittifully sodaine.

Parish of Tyre

Pander. Thou sayest true, ther's two vnwholesome a conscience; the poore *Transiluanian* is dead that laye with the little baggadage.

Bault. I, shee quickly poupt him, she made him roast-meate for wormes, but he goe searche the market,

Exit.

Pander. Three or foure thousande Checkins were as prettie a proportion to liue quietly, and so giue ouer.

Bault. Why, to giue ouer I pray you? Is it a shame to get when we are olde?

Pander. Oh our credite comes not in like the commoditie; not the commoditie wages not with the daunger: therefore if in our youtnes we could picke vp some prettie estate, t'were not amiss to keepe our doore hatcht, besides the fore tearmes we stand vpon with the gods, wilbe strong with vs for giuing oth.

Bault. Come other sorts offend as well as wee.

Pander. As well as wee, I, and better too, wee offend worse, neither is our profession any trade. It's no calling, but here comes *Bault*.

Enter Bault with the Pirates and Marina.

Bault. Come you wayes my maistr, you say shee's a virgin.

Saylor. O Sir, wee doubt it not.

Bault. Master, I haue gone through for this peece you see, if you like her so, if not I haue lost my earnest.

Bault. *Bault* has the ansewer qualities.

Bault. Shee has a good face, speakes well, and has excellent good clothes: there's no farther necessitie of qualities can make her be refused.

Bault. What's her price *Bault*?

Bault.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Bont. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand peeces.

Pand. Well, follow me my maisters, you shall have your money presently, wife take her in, instruct her what she has to doe, that she may not be rawe in her entertainment.

Bont. *Bont.* take you the markes of her, the colour of her haire, complexion, height, her age, with warrant of her virginitie, and crie, He that wil giue most shal haue her first, such a mayden head were no chape thing, if men were as they haue beene: get this done as I command you.

Bont. Performance shall I follow.

Mar. Alacke that *Leonine* was so slacke, so slow, he should haue strooke, not spoke, or that these Pirates, not enough barbarous, had not oreboard throwne me, for to seeke my mother.

Bont. Why lament you prettie ones?

Mar. That I am parted.

Bont. Come, the Gods haue done their part in you.

Mar. Paeuse them now.

Bont. You are light into my hands, where you are like to liue.

Mar. The more my fault, to scape husbandes, where I was to die.

Bont. I, and you shall liue in peasure.

Mar. No.

Bont. Yes indeed shall you, and taste Gentlemen of all fashions, you shall find well, you shall haue the difference of all complexions, what doe you stop your eares?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bont. What would you haue me be, and I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, please you.

Pand. Marid whip the Gosseling, I thinke I shall haue something to doe with you, comd you a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would haue you.

Mar. The Gods defend me.

Bont.

Pericles Prince of Tyre

Band. If it please the Gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you; men stir you vp: *Bonts* returned. Now sir, hast thou cride her through the Market?

Bonts. I haue cryde her almost to the number of her haire, I haue drawne her picture with my voice.

Band. And I prethee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the yonger sort?

Bonts. Faith they listened to mee, as they would haue harkened to their fathers testament, there was a Spaniards mouth waited, and he went to bed to her verie description.

Band. We shall haue him here to morrow with his best ruffe on.

Bonts. To night, to night, but Mistrisse doe you knowe the French knight, that cowers ethe hams?

Band. Who, *Monsieur Verellus*?

Bonts. I, he, he offered to cut a taper at the proclamation, but he made a groane at it, and swore he would see her to morrow.

Band. Well, well, as for him, hee brought his discafe hither, here he does but repaire it; I knowe her will come in our shadow, to scatter his crownes in the Sunne.

Bonts. Well, if we had of euerie Nation a traueller, wee should lodge them with this signe.

Band. Pray you come hither a while, you haue Fortunes comming vpon you, marke mee, you must seeme to doe that fearefully, which you commit willingly, despise profite, where you haue most gaine, to weepe that you liue as yee doe, makes pittie in your Louers sel-dome; but that pittie begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a meere profite.

Mari. I vnderstand you not.

Bonts. O take her home Mistrisse, take her home, these blushes of hers must bee quenched with some present practise.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Mari. Thou sayest true yfaith, so they must; for your
Bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to goe with
warrant.

Boul. Faith some doe, and some doe not, but Mistresse
if I haue bargained for the ioynt.

Band. Thou maist cut a morfell off the spit.

Boul. I may so.

Band. Who should denie it?

Come young one, I like the manner of your garments
well.

Boul. I by my faith, they shall not be changd yet.

Band. *Boul.* spend thou that in the towne: report what
a sojourner we haue, youle lose nothing by custome.
When Nature framde this peece, shee meant thee a good
turne, therefore say what a parragon she is, and thou hast
the haruest out of thine owne report.

Boul. I warrant you Mistresse, thunder shall not so
wake the beds of Eccles, as my giuing out her beaunie stir
vp the lewdly enclined, Ile bring home some to night.

Band. Come your wayes, follow me.

Mari. If fires be hote, kniues sharpe, or waters deepe,
Vntide I still my virgin knot will keepe.

Diana sayde my purpose.

Band. What haue we to doe with *Diana*, pray you will
you goe with vs?

Exit.

Enter Cleon, and Diana.

Dion. Why ere you foolish, can it be ydone?

Cleon. O *Diana*, such a peece of slaughter,

the Sunne and Moone new looks vpon.

Dion. I thinke youle turne a childe agen.

Clea

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Clou. Were I chiefe Lord of all this spacious world, I'de
giue it to vndo the deede. O Ladie much lesse in blood then
vertue, yet a Princes to equall any single Crowne ath earth.
Iustice of compare, O villaine, *Lamine* whom thou hast
poisoned too, if thou hadst drunke to him had beene a
kindnesse becomming well thy face, what canst thou say
when noble *Pericles* shall demaund his childe.

Dion. That shee is dead. Nurses are not the fates to fo-
ster it, not euer to preserue, she dide at night, Ile say so, who
can crosse it vnlesse you play the impious Innocent, and
for an honest attribute, crie out shee dyde by foule
play.

Cl. O goe too, well, well, of all the faults beneath the
heauens, the Gods doe like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those that thinks the pettie wrens of
Thurs will flie hence, and open this to *Pericles*, I do shame
to thinke of what a noble straine you are, and of how co-
ward a spirit.

Cl. To such proceeding who euer but his approba-
tion added, though not his prince consent, he did not flow
from honourable courses.

Dion. Be it so then, yet none does knowe but you
how shee came dead, nor none can knowe *Lamine* being
gone. Shee did disdain my childe, and stood betweene
her and her fortunes: none would looke on her, but
cast their gazes on *Marina's* face, whilst ours was blur-
ted at, and helde a Maykin not worth the time of day.
It pierst me thorow, and though you call my course vn-
naturall, you not your childe well louing, yet I finde it
greetes mee as an enterprize of kindnesse performed to your
sole daughter.

Cl. Heauens forgive it.

Dion. And as for *Pericles*, what should hee say, we wept
after her hearse, & yet we mourne, her monument is almost
finished, & her epitaphs in glittering gold characters expres

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

a generall prayse to her, and care in vs at whose expence
tis done.

Cl. Thou art like the Harpie,
Which to betray, doest with thine Angells face ceaze with
thine Eagles talents.

Dion. Yere like one that superstitiously,
Doe sweare too'th Gods, that Winter kills
The Fliies, but yet I know, youle
doe as I aduise.

Gower. Thus time we waste, & long leagues make short,
Saile seas in Cockles, haue and wish but fort,
Making to take our imagination,
From bourn to bourn, region to region,
By you being pardoned we commit no crime,
To vse one language, in each seuerall cline,
Where our seanes seemes to liue,
I doe beseech you
To learne of me who stand with gappes
To teach you.

The stages of our storie *Pericles*
Is now againe thwarting thy wayward seas,
Attended on by many a Lord and Knight,
To see his daughter all his liues delight.
Old *Helicanus* goes along behind,
Is left to gouerne it, you beare in mind.
Old *Escanes*, whom *Helicanus* late
Aduanced in time to great and hie estate.
Well sayling ships, and bounteous winds
Haue brought
This king to *Thorsu*, thinke this *Pilat* thought
So with his strage, shall your thoughts grone
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone
Like moats and shadowes, see them
Moue a while,
Your cares vnto your eyes Ile reconcile.

Enter

Pericles Prince of Tyre

Enter Pericles at one doore, with all his wayne; Cleon and Dioniza at the other. Cleon shewes Pericles the tombe, whereat Pericles makes lamentation, puts on sack-cloth, and in a mighty passion departs.

Genr. See how beleefe may suffer by fowleshowe,
This borrowed passion stands for true olde woe:
And Pericles in sorrowe all deuour'd,
With sighes shot through, and biggest teares ore-show'd.
Leaues *Tharsus*, and againe imbarques, hee sweares
Neuer to wash his face, nor cut his hayres:
Hee put on sack-cloth, and so Stee he beares,
A Tempest which his mortall vessell reares,
And yet hee rydes it out, Nowe please you wit:
The Epitaphis for *Marina* writ, by wicked *Dioniza*.

*The fairest, sweetest, and best her beere,
Whom I bred in her spring of yeare:
She was of Tyre the Kings daughter,
On whom fowle death hath made this slaughter.
Marina thus call'd, and as her byrb,
Theris being proud, swallowed some part ash-byrb:
Therefore the earth fearing to be ore-flored,
Hath Theris byrb-childe on the beauen bottomed.
Wherefore shee does and sweares shee neuer stirs,
Makinge Battay upon shores of stirs.*

Now vizor does become blacke villanie,
So well as soft and tender flatterie:
Let Pericles beleeue his daughter's dead,
And beare his courtes to be ordered,
By Lady *Fortune*, while our Steare must play,
His daughters woe and heauie wellday,
In her ynholie seruice: Patience then,
And thinke you now are all in *Asinina*.

Exit

Enter two Gentlemen.

Genr. Did you euer heare the like?
G 3 *Coper.*

Perhaps Prince of Ipe.

1. *Gent.* No, her name shall doe in such a place as shee
shee being once gone.

2. But to have diuinitie preach't there, did you
dreaime of such a thing?

3. No, no, no, I am for no more but diuinitie, I
goe hear the Vellsa ling?

1. He doe any thing now that is veruous, but I am out
of the road of ruting for cuer. *Exit.*

Enter Bander.

Paul. Well, I had rather then twice the worth of her
shee had nere come better.

Band. Fye, fye, vpon her, shee's able to fence the good
Principles, and vnder a whole generation, we must either
her vanished, or be rid of her, when she should doe for
gus her fiment, and doe mee the kindenelle of our pro-
fession, shee has me her quirks, her reason, her reason
fons, her praying, her knees, that shee would make a
tains of the diuelt, if shee should cheapen a kille of her.

Band. Faith I must vanish her, or shee to disfigure
of all our Cavaleries; and make our swearers proude.

Paul. Now the poxe vpon her Greene sickness.

Band. Faith ther's no way to be ridde on's but by the
way to the poxe. Here comes the Lord, *Enter Lord.*

Band. Wee should haue bin Lord and Low, and the
pecuith baggadge would not give way to call for.

Enter Lyfian.

Lyfian. How now, how I deuen of virginity?

Band. Now the Gods to hee in your Honour.

Band. I am glid to see your Honour in good health.

Ly. You may, for hee the better for you, that
forters stand vpon sound legges, how we should
quie haue you, that a man may deale withall, and
the Surgion?

Band. Wee haue here one Sir, if shee would, shee
there.

Enter a Gentleman
Enter a Gentleman
Enter a Gentleman

Enter a Gentleman
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Enter a Gentleman

Perish Prime of Time

Li. Why, I cannot name but I shall offend. (name it)

Ma. I cannot be offended with my state, please you to

Li. How long have you bene of this profession?

Ma. Ere since I can remember.

Li. Did you goe too't so young, were you a gamester
at five, or at seven?

Ma. Earlier too Sir, if now I bee one.

Ly. Why? the house you dwell in proclaimes you to
be a Creature of sale.

Ma. Doe you knowe this house to be a place of such
resort, and will come intoo't? I heare say you're of honour-
able parts, and are the Gouverneur of this place.

Li. Why, hath your principall made knowne vnto
you who I am?

Ma. Who is my principall?

Li. Why, your hearbe-woman, she that sets seeds and
rootes of shame and iniquitie.

O you haue heard something of my power, and so
stand aloft for more serious wooing, but I protest to thee
prettie one, my authoritie shall not see thee, or else looke
friendly vpon thee, come bring me to some priuate place:
Come, come.

Ma. If you were borne to honour, shew it now, if put
vpon you, make the iudgement good, that thought you
worthie of it.

Li. How's this? how's this? some more, be sage.

Ma. For me that am a maide, though most virginitie
Fortune haue plac't mee in this Stie, where since I came,
diseases haue bene solde decter then Phisicke, that the
gods would set me free from this vnblessed place, though
they did change me to the meekest beest that eyes can
purer eyes.

Li. I did not thinke thou couldst haue spoke so well,
were drempt thou could'st, had I brought wither a cor-
rupted minde, thy specche had shew'd it, hold, beere
golde,

Pariter Prince of Tyre.

golde for thee, persequer in that cleane way thou goest and
the gods strengthen thee.

Ma. The good Gods preserve you.

Li. For me be yet thoughten, that I came with no ill
intent, for to me the very darts and window sauer vilely
fare thee well, thou art a piece of virtue, & I doubt not but
thy winning hath bene noble, hold hence more golde for
thee, a curse upon him, die he like a thief that robs thee of
thy goodnes, if thou dost hear from me it shall be for thy
good.

Bent. I beseech your Honors our predecessor.

Li. Aunnt thou dardest doe keepers, your house but
for this virgin that dooth prop in, would finckle and over-
whelme you.

Bent. How's this? wee must take another course with
you: if your perill be such like, which is not worth a breake-
fast in the cheapest countrey vnder the coap, shall vndoe a
whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel, come your
way.

Ma. Whicher would you haue mee? *(wayes.)*
Bent. I must haue your mayden head taken off, for the
demonstrating man shall exeeune it, come your way, wee haue
no more Gentlemen drinck away, come your wayes I say.

Ma. How now, what's the matter?

Bent. Worse and worse mischiefes haue beene spoken
hollid words to the Lord.

Ma. O abhorrible

Bent. He makes our profession as it were to sincke a-
floure the face of the gods.

Ma. How long her vpon her?

Bent. The Noble that would haue dealt with her like
a Noble man, and then sent him away to collie as a snow-
ball, saying his prayers.

Ma. Bent make her away, ife her at thy pleasure, crack
the glass of her virginity, and make her irreparable.

H

Bent.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Boul. And if shee were a thornyer peece of ground
then shee is, shee shall be plowed.

Ma. Harke, harke you Gods.

Bowl. She coniures away with her, would she had ne-
uer come within my doores, Marrie hang you: shee borne
to vndoe vs, will you not goe the way of women kinde?
Marry come vp my dill of chastitie with rosemary & baies.

Bowl. Come mistress, come your way with mee.

Ma. Whither wilt thou haue mee?

Bowl. To take from you the lewell you hold so deere.

Ma. Prithce tell mee one thing first.

Bowl. Come now your one thing.

Ma. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be.

Bowl. Why, I could wish him to bee my master, or ra-
ther my mistress.

Ma. Neither of these are so bad as thou art, since they
doe better thee in their command, thou hold'st a place for
which the painedst scende of hell would not in reputation
change: Thou art the damned doore-keeper to euery cu-
sterell that comes enquiring for his Tib. To the cholericke
sitting of euery rogue, thy care is lyable, thy foode is such
as hath beene belch't on by infected lungs.

Ba. What wold you haue me doe go to the wars, wold you?
wher a man may serue 7. yeers for the losse of a leg, & haue
not money enough in the end to buy him a woodden one?

Ma. Doe any thing but this thou dost, empiric olde re-
ceptacles, or common-shores of filthe, serue by indenture,
to the common hang-man, anie of these wayes are yet
better then this: for what thou professest, a Baboone could
he speak, wold owne a name too deere that the gods wold
safely deliuer me from this place: here, heere gold for thee,
if that thy master wold gaine by me, proclaime that I can
sing, weaue, sow, & dance, with other vertues, which he keep
from boast, and will vnder take all these to teache. I doubt
not but this populous Cittie will yeelde manie schollers.

Bowl.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Bont. But can you teache all this you speake of?

Ma. Prooue that I cannot, take mee home againe,
And prostitute mee to the basest groome that doeth fre-
quent your house.

Bont. Well I will see what I can doe for thee: if I can
place thee I will.

Ma. But amongst honest woman.

Bont. Faith my acquaintance lies little amongst them,
But since my master and mistris hath bought you, theres
no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them
acquainted with your purpose; and I doubt not but I shall
finde them tractable enough. Come, Ile doe for thee what
I can, come your wayes.

Exeunt.

Enter Gower.

Marina thus the Brothell scapes, and chaunces
Into an *Houell-house* our Storie sayes:
Shee sings like one immortal, and shee daunces
As Goddesse-like to her admired layes. (ses,
Deepe clearks she dumb's, and with her neele compo-
Natures owne shape, of budde, bird, branche, or berry.
That euen her art listers the naturall Roses
Her Inckle, Silke Twine, with the rubied Cherrie,
That puples lackes the pome of noble race,
Who powre their bountie on her: and her gaine
She giues the cursed Bawd, here wee her place,
And to hir Father turne our thoughts againe,
Where wee left him on the Sea, wee there him left,
Where driven before the windes, hee is arriu'd
Heere where his daughter dwels, and on this coast,
Suppose him now at *Anchor*: the Citie stru'd
God *Nephtunes* Annall feast to keepe, from whence
Lysimachus our *Tyrian* Shippe espies,
His banners Sable, trim'd with rich expence,

H

And

Perish Prince of Tyre.

And to him in his Barge with former eyes,
In your supposing once more put your sight,
Of beavy *Perish*; think this his Barke:
Where what is done in action, more it might
Shalbe discouerd, please you sit and harken. *Exit.*

Enter Helicanus, to him 2. Sailors.

1. *Say.* Where is Lord *Helicanus*? hee can rescue you,
O here he is Sir, there is a barge put off from *Metaline*, and
in it is *Lyfianthus* the Gouernour, who craves to come a-
board; what is your will?

Hel. That hee haue his; call vp some Gentlemen.

2. *Say.* Ho Gentlemen, my Lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Doeth your Lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen there is some of worth would come
aboard, I pray greet him fairely.

Enter Lyfianthus.

Hel. Sir, this is the man that can inought you would
resolue you.

Ly. Haile vouchen Sir, the Gods preserve you.

Hel. And you to our life the age I am, and die as I
would doe.

Ly. You wish mee well, being on shore, honoring of
Neptunes triumphs, seeing this goodly vessell ride before
vs, I made to it, to knowe of whence you are.

Hel. First what is your place?

Ly. I am the Gouernour of this place you lie before.

Hel. Syr our vessell is of *Tyre*, in it the King, a man,
who for this three moneths hath not spoken to anie one,
nor taken sustenance, but to prorogue his griefe.

Ly. Vpon what ground is his distemperance?

Hel. I would be too tedious to repeat, but the mayne
griefe springs frō the losse of a beloved daughter & a wife.

Ly. May wee not see him?

Hel.

Partike Prince of Tyre.

Hell. You may, but bootlesse. Is your light see, will not speake to any, yet let me obtaine my will.

Lys. Behold him, this was a goodly person.

Hell. Till the disaster that one mortall wight droue him to this.

Lys. Sir King all haile, the Gods preserve you, haile royall sir.

Hell. It is in vaine, he will not speake to you.

Lord. Sir we haue a maid in *Adonis*, I durst wager would win some words of him.

Lys. Tis well bethought, she questionlesse with her sweet harmonie, and other chosen attractions, would allure and make a battrie through his defend parts, which now are midway stoppt, shee is all happie as the fairest of all, and her fellow maides, now vpon the leaue shelter that abuts against the Islands side.

Hell. For all curtesie, yet nothing weeke omit that beares recouerie name. But since your kindnesse wee haue stretcht thus farre, let vs beseech you, that for our golde we may prouision haue, wherein we are not destitute for want, but weake for the Italianes.

Lys. O sir, a curtesie, which if we should denie, the most iust God for every grasse would send a Caterpillar, and so inflict our Prouince: yet once more let mee intreate to knowe at large the cause of your kings sorrow.

Hell. Sir sir, I will recount it to you, but see I am pre-vented.

Lys. O hee is the Ladi that I sent for.
Welcome faire one, is not a goodly present?

Hell. Shee is a gallant Ladi.

Lys. Shee is such a one, that were I well assured
Came of a gentie kinde, and noble stocke, I do wish
No better choyse, and thinke me rarely to wed,
Faire on all goodnesse that consisteth in beautie,
Expect euen here, where is a kingly patient,